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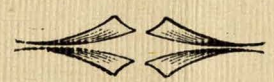

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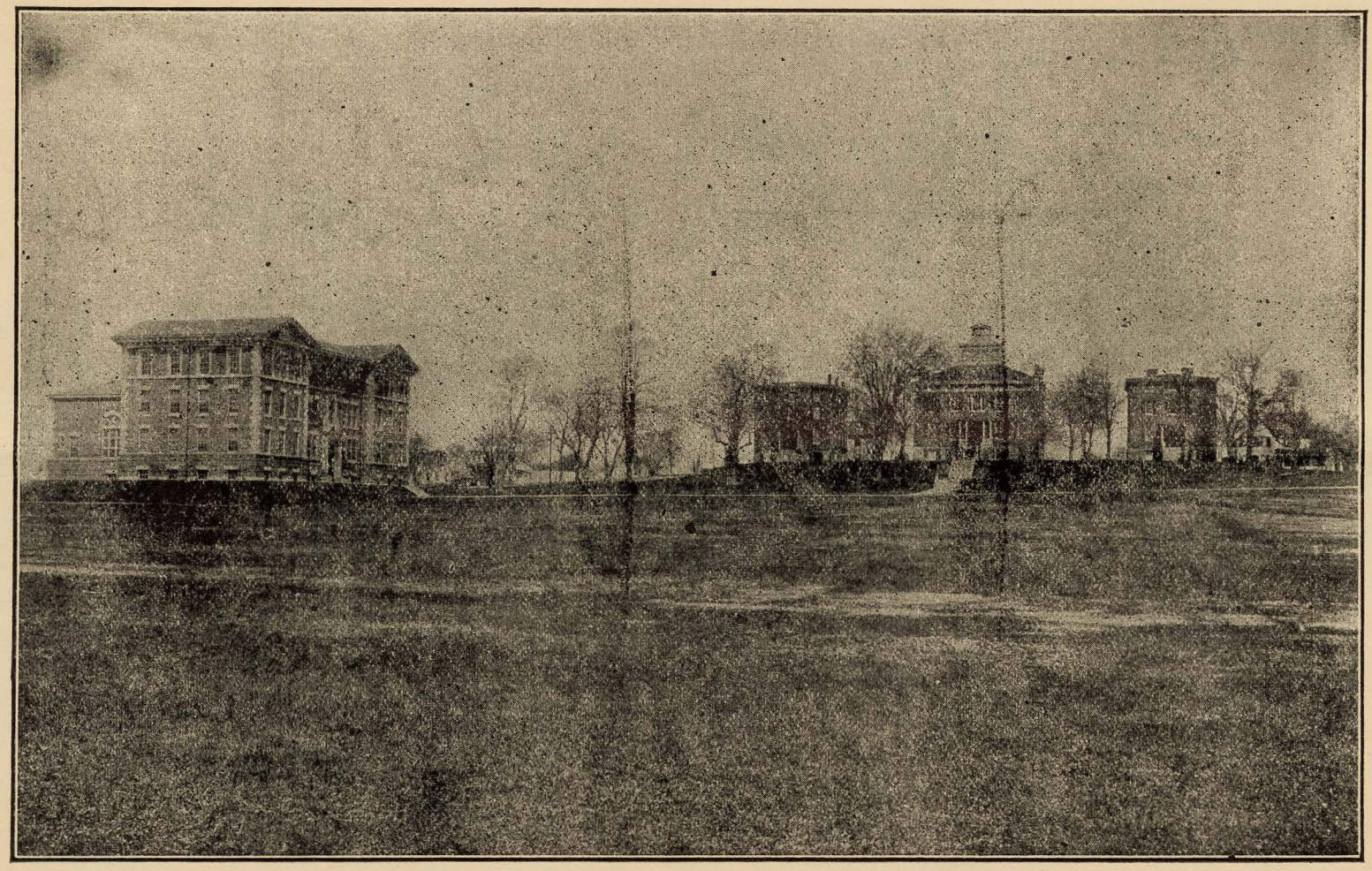

GENERAL VIEW OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE,

Chestertown, Maryland.

1782—One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Session—1908

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NOTICE.

The manager is collecting old copies of the COLLEGIAN to place on file in the College Library. All numbers previous to June, 1906, would be gratefully appreciated from any old subscriber.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

Vol. 6. OCTOBER, 1908. No. 1

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LITERARY.

THE BUILDER.

W. RAYMOND MOODY, '09.

Who on the path of Life's ascending way,
Does well and good his little lot perform;
Regardless of the thunder and the storm
Of busy worlds; ambitious swift decay
Denies; but ever, always, day by day
Gives, now and then, his humble touch to form
Some image of the soul; some grief allay;
Upon Life's portrait does his simple touch portray;

Who plays his part, however meek his fate,
To him, sweet peace is given, the strife of kings
Denied. He struggles on to better things.
To him contentment falls, though rough each mile,
Above the world's dark frown the Heavens smile;
Though fame may know him not, yet is he great.

There's a mystery in October air that sets my blood astir
With a something that the fir
And the aster know full well,
As they turn to greet the music of the Autumn's belfry bells.

The scarlet and the green of the maple's dusky brow,
Thrills me now—can't tell how,
When, or why—but it's there,
And my heart is dancing gaily to the crispy Autumn air.

There is something in October sets the native spirit wild,
You know how—don't you ? mild
Though it be, and you rise
And chase the spirit calling, calling from October's fancy skies.

EARLY HISTORY OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

E. W. PRUITT, '09.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War the Rev. Dr. Wm. Smith, who was at that time connected with a college in Philadelphia, was accused of being a Tory by the people of Pennsylvania. The charter of the college was taken away and Dr. Smith came to Chestertown, where he became rector of Emmanuel Church, and shortly afterward principal of the Kent Free School.

Dr. Smith, seeing the opportunity for establishing an institution of higher learning upon the basis of the Kent Free School, besought the people of the Eastern Shore of Maryland to petition the legislature to grant them a charter upon which to found a college. This was done, and in 1782 the Maryland State Legislature passed an Act for founding a college at Chestertown.

It may be interesting to note here that the charter of the new institution was merely an enlargement of the powers of the Kent Free School, which was established in 1723. The Visitors and Governors of the Kent Free School were retained as the Visitors and Governors of the College; the property of the Kent Free School became the property of the college; the scholars of the Kent Free School became students of the College, and the academic work was continued without any interruption. Washington consented that his name should be given to the infant institution and became a member of the Board of Visitors and Governors.

After the grant of the charter by the lagislature in 1782, the Rev. Dr. Smith made a canvass of the counties of the Eastern Shore of Maryland and Virginia for the purpose of collecting money for the support of the college. In less than three months he had collected £10,000. Geo. Washington's name headed the list of subscribers with the sum of fifty guineas.

On Wednesday, the 14th of May,1783, the College held its first Commencement with five graduates. An account of the college published in 1784 by order of the Board of Visitors and Governors, and now in the possession of the college, describes in what manner the Commencement exercises were conducted. The following account is taken from this old manuscript: "A procession was formed from the place where the schools were then kept to the *Church* in this town in the following order, viz.:

1st. The body of the scholars and students two by two.

2nd. The candidates for Degrees in the like order.

3rd. The Faculty of Professors, with the Rev. Wm. Smith, D. D., President of the Visitors and Governors, who acted, by ap-

pointment, as Principal, *pro Tempore*, at their head.

4th. The corporation of Visitors and Governors, his Excellency Wm. Paca, Esq., Governor of the State, and one of the said Visitors and Gavernors at their head.

When the procession arrived at the church door, the scholars, students and candidates for degrees filed off to the right and left, forming a lane through which the Faculty and Corporation of Visitors and Governors marched into the church, followed by the candidates, and then the students and scholars according to their classes and seniority.

So far as can be learned all processions on Commencement day since the first Commencement have been conducted in precisely the same manner.

As showing how near the college has always been to the life of the people of the Eastern Shore and how the family names have happened among its graduates, it is interesting to note that in the first class in 1783 there was a Barroll and a Bordley, and that these two names appear among the graduates in the latest class, 1908.

On May 15th, the day after the first Commencement, the corner stone of the original structure (a cut of which may be seen on the frontispiece of this issue) was laid by Governor Wm. Paca, "who was saluted on this occasion by thirteen discharges of cannon."

In July, 1789, the college conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon George Washington, who had recently been unanimously elected President of the United States. A facsimile of the preamble of this degree may be seen in the President's office in Wm. Smith Hall. A cut of this degree will appear in a later issue of the "Collegian." An account of the conferring of the degree of Doctor of Laws on the "Father of his Country," an expression which was first used by Dr. Smith in his presentation address, is contained in the Federal Gazette of July 15, 1789. This paper was the forerunner of the Saturday Evening Post. Approximately one-fourth of this publication was given to an account of these proceedings.

Soon after this Dr. Smith was called back to Philadelphia. The charter of the college with which he had been connected previous to the War of the Revolution was given back with an enlargement of its powers, and was known from that time as the University of Pennsylvania, of which institution Dr. Smith became the first Provost.

Washington College continued to prosper until 1827, when the original building was destroyed by fire. The exercises of the college were continued, however, in Chestertown until the college was restored to its original site by the erection of Middle Hall in 1844.

DEER EQUALS DEAR?

M. CARY HARRISON, '12.

Lloyd Tomkins Mynn, M. D., after graduation from Johns Hopkins University, entered the U. S. Marine Hospital service and was ordered to Jolo in the Phillipines. May first he was to start on his long westward journey. How many things were to happen between the October day when the appointment came and the time for his departure! The most eventful was to be the wedding of his college chum, Frank Ballard, and Miss Dorothy Dixon.

Lloyd was an interesting conversationalist and good looking, but he was termed by every girl acquaintance "The most indifferent fellow I ever met." He had never taken any special interest in any girl until Frank, with the interest and enthusiasm which only a love-sick boy can muster, had told him of the loveliness of Dorothy. Frank also said that her younger sister, Anne, was almost as dear to him, and that she would be home for two days to attend the marriage. After this the days could not pass fast enough for Dr. Mynn. He had a feeling toward this girl whom he had never met different from that toward any girl he had ever seen, and a most impatient desire to have a glimpse of her.

At last the great day came! Lloyd accompanied Frank to the home of the bride-to-be and there met Anne, not the Anne whom he had so often pictured to himself, but another, more real, and enchanting. True, her large brown eyes and chestnut hair, were the same that Ballard had described and which Lloyd had seen in his dreams. But her personality—how much more fascinating, and her manner, how much more charming than he had ever dreamed it could be! How sorry he was that to-morrow she was to leave for college; and as he left the house he was thinking, "Here is the girl for me." Strangely enough he never thought of the impression he might have made upon her.

The three years of Lloyd's service at Jolo were up and Dr. Mynn was on his way for a vacation to Black Beards Island, Ga., where his chum was stationed. Through Frank's letters Lloyd knew that Anne was visiting her sister; and Frank had written of a splendid time in prospect with rod and gun. This arrangement of affairs suited Lloyd exactly; and he smiled with satisfaction as he thought of the friend and sympathy he had in Ballard.

The weeks passed very rapidly and in the case of Anne and Lloyd matters progressed steadily though imperceptibly. Three years ago he had made up his mind to win her and now she had promised to be his. How should they announce their engagement?

An opportunity soon came. As the two men started out hunting one day, Anne told Dr. Mynn that if he shot a deer she would have him.

"Well, did you get a deer?" she asked of Lloyd when they returned. "No, but I have one," was echoed from among the hills as they joined hands and entered the hall.

THE OUTLOOK.

J. R. BRITINGHAM, '07.

There is one thing certain in regard to the present presidential campaign. It makes no great difference as to who is elected, but the happenings of the campaign are sure to hold a prominent place in future history. It is, indeed, a marvelous and a grand, an interesting and thrilling political engagement. It is an encounter which is likely to open wide the eyes of even the sleepiest and most contented and most disinterested citizen of the United States of America. Even the commonest day laborer has heard with interest of Bryan, of Nebraska, the wonderful statesman who most has the welfare of his country and fellowman at heart. Yes, they have heard him for years, and have acknowledged him as the most intelligent and far-seeing statesman in the republic. The fact that he has long been before the American people, and not elected, does not imply that he is a weak man. No, but it does imply that the American people see in him that which they know will be for the benefit of the country and that which they are determined to have. They have waited upon Mr. Roosevelt and the Republican Senate for redress of evils; they have heard the chief executive's defiant threats; they have watched in breathless suspense the "strenuous bear-hunter" of the White House as he towers over the incredulous trusts with his mighty "big stick," employed for so many purposes. Yet they have seen nothing accomplished, save that the trusts have multiplied and grown in power. They have seen nothing done to improve the condition of the laborer or ordinary citizen of any type. They have seen the nation's money used extravagantly and unadvisedly and their rights abridged one after another by the influence of corporations and the bearing of pecuniary inducements. In short, they have seen their rights stolen and used by others.

They gave Mr. Roosevelt their support on the strength of his promise; they renounce his selected candidate because these promises are not fulfilled. They elected "this supporter of plutocracy" because they were afraid of a repetition of the "hard

times" under Cleveland; they lived to see a disastrous money panic under the last administration. They elected Mr. Roosevelt, expecting a continuation of McKinley's grand policies; they have witnessed proceedings which McKinley would have denounced in disgust. In fact, when the American people sum up their feelings when they think of the support they gave the President, they express themselves in one significant word—"*Sold.*" It pays to secure a strong man to be at the head of such a country as this, but we do not desire an absolute dictator, a meddler, a man who assumes a right as a citizen as Mr. Roosevelt did in New York with reference to Mr. Hughes.

But the President is only mentioned because he has bequeathed his policies and "big stick" to Mr. Taft, because he is practically running the campaign for the Judge. Mr. Taft lacks originality and the powers and discretion of a politician. He is much like a boy who is afraid to travel at night alone. If he makes a step ahead into the dark he gets the resourceful Roosevelt to hold the light. If he expects to visit a city, instantly the typewriter of the President is clicking off a letter of recommendation. He always keeps the President in sight and the President is getting himself into some very disagreeable positions in behalf of Mr. Taft. His statements concerning the Governor of Oklahoma is an instance. Yet, 'tis true, the Judge did acquire a reputation of ability while in the service of his own State and his settlement of the Pillipine question.

But with all that the people see that he is not broad enough for the position to which he aspires. His religious belief *should* be enough to defeat him, but casting that aside, his chances seem poor. In fact, they appear desperate to Republicans in Pennsylvania. They have felt constrained to raise $800,000 to secure his election. In Ohio, Taft's own State, Bryan is better received than the Judge. In Michigan the position is precarious for Taft, and leaning to Democracy, owing to the agitations over the gubernatorial nominee. The "solid South" is still the Democratic South. The West appears to be about evenly divided.

So much for the review, and let us come to the cause. First. The Democratic platform is solid, firm and sincere. The Republican platform is evasive and patched up in a deplorable way. The former stands for the needs of the country; the latter practically stands for nothing. Secondly. Bryan stands for an enlargement of the rights of the people. Taft stands for the diminution of their influence. His attitude toward the jury system proves this. One of the candidates says that he will endeavor to remedy the evils of the country; the other says that it is impossible. Mr. Hughes

may call Mr. Bryan a dreamer of dreams, but he dreams of better things than Roosevelt has tried to do. Then again there never was a "real castle" without an "air castle" to precede it. Even if Roosevelt has taken Mr. Bryan's platform of the previous campaign and purposely made a blotch of it in trying to deceive the people into believing Bryan's policies impracticable, yet their eyes are opened. They have at length decided that this "dreamer of dreams" is better than the "doers of wrong," and will give him a chance to put his so-called *dreams* into practice. Then the trusts will wake up *dead.* Then we conclude that it is Bryan, the man of determination, the man of highest intellectual and moral character, the friend of the people, to whom we will intrust the glorious mission of saving the country from ruin of money and one man rule.

SAVED BY A DIAMOND.

ETHEL COOPER, '08 N.

The house was quiet with that awful quiet which comes only with some great calamity. Upstairs in a darkened room Mrs. Murray was lying motionless. She had always been a strong, active woman until two days ago, when at dinner she fell forward unconscious. Her husband rushed to her side but all endeavors to help her were useless, and the doctor's statement was the usual one in such cases—heart disease.

Mr. Murray sat in his study, thinking of the sudden blight that had fallen on his happy life when there came a light tap on the door and the doctor entered. He held in his hand a diamond ring of unusual brilliancy which he handed to Mr. Murray silently.

Almost overcome with emotion, the unhappy man took it; it had been the engagement ring and his dead wife had constantly worn it. "She wore it living; she shall wear it dead," he murmured and hastened to put it back on the cold finger.

At the funeral everyone noticed the ring on the clasped hands. It seemed more brilliant than ever before.

That night any one hiding in the churchyard might have heard and seen horrible things, for two rough looking men came carrying spades and a lantern. They stole up to the newly made grave.

"This is the right place," one whispered, "That sparkler will make our fortunes."

"Shut up and get to work," was the answer, and hastily but noiselessly both men worked, pretty soon the coffin was uncovered and they lifted it up to the surface, then they pried the lid off and saw the jewel sparkling and glimering even in the faint light cast

by the lantern.

Greedily, one seized the ring and tried to draw it off, but it would not come over the joint, "Hand me your knife, quick," he muttered, and they began to cut Mrs. Murray's finger from her hand. All at once she screamed, and giving vent to long, loud shrieks sat up in the casket! For she had but been in a trance and the fresh air and pain had revived her.

Terror stricken the ghouls fled and the brave woman climbed out of her prison, gathered her shroud around her and started to walk to her home, two miles distant.

What would have been the feeling of anyone who met her! He could have said truly that he saw one "arisen from the dead."

In the dreary house Mr. Murray sat alone and thought of his lost wife. A noise startled him, and listening, he heard a low moan and a heavy fall on the porch. He ran to the door and saw a still white form lying there. He lifted it up and brought it in, to find it was—his wife, exhausted, but a living, breathing wife.

JOE TYNOR, LEFT END.

J. L. MADDEN, '11,

Joe Tynor, the star left end of the Wellsbury College eleven stood at the window of his room in Eastern Hall, looking mournfully out at the rain, and wondering when it would cease, Why should he not wonder? Was not the day on which the greatest game of the season was to be played only two weeks off?

St. Jerome's and Wellsbury Colleges being great rivals in all branches of athletics, it was perfectly natural that the coaches and players of both colleges should strive to produce the winning team. In order to do this, they must practice, and in order to practice, the weather must be good.

At this moment Tynor's meditations were interrupted by the approach of a cab which stopped in front of Northern Hall to allow a young lady to alight. Northern Hall was the girls dormitory of Wellsbury College. Tynor wondered who this young lady might be.

That afternoon, while sitting in the library with a friend, this girl entered with two girl acquaintances. Having been introduced, Tynor paid marked attention to her, and as he usually paid little heed to the charms of the fair sex, his friend, who was captain of the football team, noticed this with much concern.

The next afternoon the foot ball team appeared on the field for practice. After punting and running through signals the varsity lined up against the scrubs for a twenty minute scrimmage. In this

scrimmage the scrubs shot forward pass after forward pass over Tynor's head, and even made long runs around his end. This was something very unusual, for he had always been considered a terror by the scrubs. He was evidently in a stupor, for he mixed the signals time after time. His friends thought little of this however, thinking it was only an off day. After blundering through practise in this manner for three days he was put on the scrub team, and Billy James, who had improved wonderfully since the beginning of the season, was given a trial at left end and made good.

The evening after being put on the scrub team Tynor disobeyed the coach's orders by attending a reception given by the girls of Northern Hall. This was only the beginning, for during the next week he attended three social functions, keeping late hours and breaking training in many other ways. Of course this left him in poor condition to play foot ball. His roommate tried to dissuade him from breaking training, but it was of no avail, and having Tynor's welfare at heart as well as that of the team, told the coach just how matters stood and asked him to have a talk with Tynor. The coach spoke to Tynor and pointed out to him the folly of acting in such a manner, when the team was so sorely in need of him, and made him promise to forget that girl and devote all his energy to foot ball.

There were only two days of practice before the great game with St. Jerome's and although Tynor worked hard he could not regain his old time form.

The day of the game arrived cold but sunny. It was ideal weather for foot ball and the stands were crowded long before the time set for the game to begin.

The first half ended with neither side having any advantage. James was playing left end and all during this half Tynor sat on the bench and watched the progress of the game as one in a daze, for it was the first time he had been kept out of a game since entering Wellsbury College.

In the second half neither side was able to make any consistant gains until the last ten minutes of play. With the ball on his own thirty yard line the St. Jerome quarterback worked a forward pass around James' end for a gain of fifteen yards. Quick to take advantge of this weak point the St. Jerome quarterback made a run around James' end for a gain of forty yards. In his franctic efforts to break up the interference, James was knocked out and Tynor was called from the side line to take his place. As Tynor threw off his sweater he caught a glimpse of a trim figure in a brown tailor-made suit, leaning forward and waving her handkerchief toward him.

This gave him new courage and with three minutes to play, he entered the game, determined to put a stop to those gains around left end.

The St. Jerome quarter back seeing a new man at left end made the fatal mistake of trying a forward pass to his own right end, he fumbled. Tynor broke through the line, and picking up the ball, started down the field with three men clinging to him. With a great effort he shook them off one by one. Then came the race of his life. With two St. Jerome men not more than four or five yards behind him he sprinted down the field faster than ever before. How slowly did those five yard lines pass under his flying feet. He could hear the St. Jerome men drawing closer and closer upon him as he raced down the field with the pigskin tucked securely under his arm. Just after he had crossed the last five yard line the St. Jerome quarterback made aflying tackle and brought him down, but the ball was over the goal line.

A second later the referee's whistle announced that time was up, and he was borne trumphantly from the field upon the shoulders of his teammates and friends, while cheer after cheer went up from the Wellsbury side of the field.

He heard the cheers and received the congratulations of his friends as one in a dream. He was thinking only of the girl in brown who had waved to him and had been his inspiration when he went into the game.

"DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS."

WM. GALEN VANSANT.

Under the constitution of the United States a citizen is one who enjoys the freedom and privileges as distinguished from a foreigner, not entitled to its franchise. A citizen has the privilege of voting for public officers and is qualified to fill public offices in the gift of the people. He is under the protection of the law and endowed with almost unlimited privileges. He may vote for the man of his choice, he may worship at any church or none. Then as he is indebted to his country for all these privileges should he not perform duty to the welfare of his country and not to his own indi vidual prosperity? Is the voter performing duty when he throws away his vote for dollars and places in office inelligible men vested with the power and authority to make and execute our laws, men who care nothing for the welfare of the country but only their own ambition and gain.

This is an age of rapid accumulation of wealth and the multiplication of corporations, giving to money an extroardinary power.

This concentration of money and power makes our citizenship more dependent and is destructive to independent thought and action which is essential to a liberty-loving people.

We see our public officers, especially our law-making bodies, baffling against the temptations of bribery which are so prevalent. The performance of our duties as good citizens requires that we sacrifice every selfish aim, for in this our country we are called upon to do but little in return for the advantages we receive. Should we give that little grudgingly?

We can give it in the form of religion and patriotism. These are so interwoven that they are inseparable. What would the world do without them? Indeed our definition of religion is often too narrow. Should the lover of his country measure his loyalty only by his service as a soldier. No—Patriotism calls for faithful conscientious, performance of all duties in small matters as well as the great, at home as well as upon the tented field.

There is no more menacing feature in these modern times than the disinclination of what are called the better classes of citizens to assume public duties and the burdens of citizenship. If we wish to preserve to future generations the purity of our legislative bodies and the freedom of our people, we should lose no time in pressing upon our citizens the fact that above all pleasure, above all convenience, and above all business they must render duty to their God and to their government, for a good government doubles every joy and a bad government multiplies every sorrow. Let us remember that times change but principles endure. The devoutest conception of every loyal citizen should be love and adoration of his God and his government, for by the providence of God we have the happy privilege of living under a government far superior to any yet established. What do we as citizens seek for the destiny of our country? We want to save it from its dangers in politics;from confusion of right and wrong which has brought great nations to weakness and ruin.

The citizen's inviolable duty is to concern himself with the moral life of his community, to see that education is established, the love of honesty and justice upheld and reverenced.

This is a corrupt political age, an age of greed, bribery, and intemperance; the citizen must counteract and stamp out these evils by exercising his right of suffrage and not by selling his birth right given him by that venerable "Declaration of Independence." A free and untrammelled use of the ballot. Corrupt political machines, trusts and bad government should be enemies to every citizen who has patriotism in his heart.

In fame's long roll of heroes there is no man whose deeds outshine those of that Virginian planter's son whom destiny and his attainments raised to the pinnacle of human greatness. Having placed our country on a firm basis and proven its permanance of government he left a name undaunted by greed, slander, or striving for self-advancement—an example and ideal personification of good citizenship for all ages to come to the citizens and the children of the land he has made free and whose earliest footsteps he has guided to the firm rock of national prosperity.

The Collegian.

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THE STAFF.

EUGENE W. PRUITT, Editor-in-Chief.

DEPARTMENTAL EDITORS:

W. RAYMOND MOODY, ETHEL COOPER, } Literary.
LYDIA JONES, Religious.
LUCY GYWN BRANHAM, Social.
JAMES W. JOHNS, Athletic.
ROBT. EARLE GREENLEE, Humorous.
JOHN R. BRITTINGHAM, Alumni.
E. G. BREEDING, Inter. Collegiate.

ALBERT D. MACKEY, Business Manager.
B. TREW DURDING, Asst. Business Manager.

In an Editorial Way.

At the beginning of the one hundred and twenty-seventh session of the college the Collegian extends its greetings to all those students who have returned to reside within these halls and to continue in the pursuit of knowledge. We extend a hearty welcome to all the new students and wish you a happy and prosperous year. There are a number of students with us this year who have come from other States than our own, and to these students we extend a special greeting.

The college is fast becoming widely known. The Board of Regents of the State of New York has already reckoned us among the foremost colleges in the country and we feel that a very bright future is in store for our beloved Washington.

The class of '10 is establishing a precedent which we feel should be followed by the classes that are to come. Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the benefit to be derived from the publication of a college annual. It serves to remind us of our college days, our classmates and friends, and to establish a stronger bond of union between us and our Alma Mater. We extend our heartiest congratulations to the class of '10 and the Pegasus has our best wishes for the success which it so well deserves.

There will be nine issues of the Collegian this year and all material must be handed in before the second in order that we may have the paper published before the tenth of each month.

We are glad to note that both the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. are doing work, notwithstanding the fact that so short a time has elapsed since the opening of the session.

The editors of the Collegian are desirous of placing on file in the library of the college, a bound volume of each year's Collegians from the first publication of this paper until the present time. All copies or information concerning copies of the Collegian previous to the year 1907–1908 will be thankfully received.

At the beginning of a new term, the first question which naturally presents itself to the mind of the student is, "What are our prospects for athletics this year?" While admitting that athletics form a very important factor in establishing the reputation of a college, its monthly paper cannot be overlooked. A college is judged as much by the character of its monthly publication as by its standing in athletics.

Let every student in the college contribute to the support of this paper, both by his subscription and by writing for its columns.

Aside from the literary training which may be derived from writing for the Collegian, remember that it fosters college spirit, something which we can never have in excess. Let us then get to work and make this year's Collegian better than it has ever been before.

The Business Manager of the Collegian is sending out sample copies and supscription cards to all of the Alumni that he has been able to locate, and we would be very glad if they would return these cards with their subscriptions. But this is not all that we are asking the Alumni to do. Feeling that they should have a deep interest in their Alma Mater, and therefore in the Collegian, we are asking them to write for its columns. We shall endeavor to publish an article each month by some former student or Alumnus, and we feel sure that every Alumnus will be glad to hear from his old classmates and fellow-students.

The Collegian desires to keep in touch with all the Alumni and former students, and all suggestions by them will be gratefully received. We are far from being egotistical, and know that the paper is by no means perfect, but with the co-operation of the Alumni and with the aid of the helpful suggestions and good advice which they can give us, we believe that we can make the Collegian a success.

SOCIAL NOTES.

LUCY LYWN BRANHAM, 11.

The one hundred and twenty-seventh session of the college promises to be very successful, both in athletics and in scholarships on account of the good material that not only Maryland has given us, but several other States, which it is hoped, will continue to send their sons to such a worthy college.

Mr. Curtis Long, '07, spent several days at college before going to Baltimore to study law at the University of Maryland.

Messrs. Emmitt and Arthur Hitch, both graduates of Washington College, spent a day and a night in Chestertown before returning to Ithaca, the former to study at Cornell, the latter to teach in Cascadilla.

Miss Mary Ahern, a former student of the college, is taking a vocal course at the Peabody.

Miss Jennie Bowers, '08, who is teaching at Still Pond, spent several days at Normal Hall.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert H. Gault spent a week in Cambridge, where the former attended the County Institute.

Mr. Marine, a former student of the college, was a visitor in our town Saturday, October 10.

Mr. T. Kemp Bordley, '08, who is teaching at McDonough, spent a week's end with his parents.

Dr. and Mrs. Cain gave a most attractive reception in the Library in honor of the new students. This, the first social function of the College year, was very much enjoyed, and refreshments, consisting of cream and cake, were served.

The girls spend a great deal of their recreation time in the basket-ball field, and the class teams will soon be organized and in good practice, owing to the efficient coaching of Mr. Thompson.

The Friday night following the President's reception, the college girls entertained in Normal Hall. The large reception room was prettily decorated, and punch, wafers and cakes were served.

The Y. W. C. A. entertained the new girls in the reception room, Normal Hall. Miss Pennington played while refreshments, consisting of cheese sandwiches, cakes and candies, were served.

RELIGIOUS.

EDITED BY LYDIA JONES.

Y. W. C. A.

We are glad to see a new and greater interest in the Y. W. C. A. work. Eight new names have been presented for membership. Miss Townsend our representative at the Mt. Lake Park Conference brought to us some helpful suggestions which we are endeavoring to carry out. Her talk about the conference was very interesting and was enjoyed by all.

Y. M. C. A.

J. R. BADEN.

We are at the beginning of a new scholastic year and the Young Men's Christian Association anticipates making a very creditable record. Already a considerable number of the new students have become members and from appearances, more will soon be enrolled. The committee on Religious Meetings has completed its program up to the Christmas holidays. Several of the faculty and prominent men from town have been secured to address the Association. This plan of securing outside speakers was tried last year and was attended with such success that the committee has adopted it for this year. The following is the program:

Oct. 15—Dr. J. W. Cain.
Oct. 22—Mr. O. H. Connolly.
Oct. 29—Prof. J. S. W. Jones.
Nov. 5 —Mr. E. G. Breeding.
Nov. 12—Mr. M. C. Voss.
Nov. 19—Rev. H. B. Martin.
Nov. 26—Mr. R. H. Crew.
Dec. 3 —Mr. L. R. Langsdale.
Dec. 10—Prof. L. J. Smith.
Dec. 17—Mr. Robert Huey.

Programs will be printed in a few days and distributed among the students.

The students have become interested in Bible Study. Every class has taken up the work and from the present outlook, the study of the Bible will soon secure a firm foot-hold in our college..

The association was recently honored by the presence of Mr. Charles H. Nuttle, a member of the Inter-State Y. M. C. A. Committee, he gave the students a very instructive and interesting talk on Bible study.

At a meeting of the students of Washington College, action was taken upon the death of Mr. Sudler L. Crossley, '14, who was accidently killed the eighteenth of September, nineteen hundred and eight, and the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst a studious, amiable school-mate and friend of fine moral character, whose loss we feel deeply. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our most sincere sympathy to the bereaved parents of the deceased, and the earnest hope that they may find consolation in their knownledge of his upright christian life and in the fact that God is just. Furthermore be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of the deceased, and a copy inserted in the Collegian.

MABEL JEFFERSON,
CONLYN E. NOLAND,
JAS. W. JOHNS,
F. E. MADDOX,
F. GROFF,
Committee.

ATHLETICS.

EDITED BY JAS. W. JOHNS, '09.

The football season of 1908 promises to be an interesting one, with the loss of only two men from last year's team, and the addition of several new men. Washington should have one of the strongest and fastest teams that she has had for years.

Under the direction of Coaches Thompson and Wilson, the squad has been going through the preliminary work, every man being tried for some position, and through this several changes have been made in last year's team. Of the new men, Noonan, Meegan, Hayes and Krantz, have shown up well and should prove valuable addition to the team.

Butler not having returned to college this year it was necessary to elect another captain, and Mr. Gibson '10 was elected on the first ballot.

The first game of the season was on Sept. 26 against the strong team of the B. P. I. Our boys had had only two days practice and did well under the circumstances. This game showed the futility of line plunging under the present rules and the need of that important factor in the back field—speed. Score 0—0.

W. C.		B. P. I.
Crouch	L. E	Bryan
Voss	L. T	Heubeck
Jones	L. G	Bayless
Johnson	C	Chase
S. Porter	R. G.	La Motte
Gibson, Capt.	R. T	Bayless
Turner	R. E	Slinguff
Meegan	Q. B	Dalyrimple
Krantz	L. H	Cummings
Maddox	F. B	Heubeck
Noonan (Hayes, A. Porter)	R. H	Capt. La Motte

Referee—Vickers. Umpire—Stoneworth. Head Linesman—Spedden. Timekeeper—Prof. Clark. Time of halves, 20 and 15 minutes.

The second game of the season, on October 3d, against the Rock Hill team was much more interesting than the first, and showed the effect of the hard work of the coaches. The change in the team had its effect, the backs making several long gains around the ends, the ball being carried over twice by Turner for a touchdown, Voss kicking goal each time. Turner and Johnson

excelled for W. C., and Dunn for R. H. Score 12–0.

W. C.		Rock Hill.
Crouch	Left-End	Dunn
Gibson	Left-Tackle	McManaway
Jones	Left-Guard	Theuband
Johnson	Centre	Gaffany
S. Porter	Right-Guard	Clemens
Voss	Right-Tackle	McClune
Hayes	Right-End	Bradley
Meegan	Quarterback	Toomey
Jump	Right-Halfback	Fink
A. Porter	Left-Halfback	Collins
Turner	Fullback	Clifford

Touchdown, Turner, 2. Goals, Voss, 2. Referee—Vickers. Umpire—Brennan. Head Linesman—Spedden. Timekeeper—Prof. Clark. Time of halves, 20 and 15 minutes.

Washington defeated the strong Baltimore City College team by a score of 11 to 5. In the first half Washington kept the ball in City College's territory, but in the second half the visitors braced up and the two teams were very evenly matched.

Washington scored both touchdowns in the first half. Johnson, Jump and Meegan played a star game for the college. Steinback for the visitors.

W. C.		B. C. C.
Crouch	Left-End	Staffort
Gibson	Left-Tackle	Ward
S. Porter	Left-Guard	Ridings
Johnson	Centre	Piper
Jones	Right-Guard	Christhilf
Maddox	Right-Tackle	Collinson
Voss	Right-End	Gilbert
Meegan	Quarterback	Rodgers
Turner	Right-Halfback	Steinback
Jump (Porter, A.)	Fullback	Riley
Krantz	Left-Halfback	Wilcox

Touckdown, Turner, Voss, Steinback; goal from touchdown, Voss. Referee—Vickers. Umpire—Beck. Timekeeper—Prof. Clark. Head Linesman—Spedden.

HUMOROUS.

R. EARLE GREENLEE, '10.

"Land sakes, alive," exclaimed Colbourn (watching a foot-ball game for the first time) "there must be lots of money in that pocket-book! See how hard they are fighting for it."

"Durding, don't you dread to go down to the dentist's office this morning?"

"No. I will miss German."

Brown: "Why are you studying astronomy?"
Johnson: "To become a star student, of course."

All beginners in Latin when writing the word *Chestertown* will please remember that it is in the Accusative Case, as it is the end of motion, both by land and water.

Crouch: "What is your favorite color?"
Cross: "Brown."

Connelly (taking a shower-bath): "Who is that up there pouring water through that seive?"
Meredith: "I can't see who it is, but he's on the job all right."

WANTED.—A private secretary. Duties will be answering invitations, etc.,taking all my exams.and keeping my room in order so that I can devote my time to sporting. B. E. G.

WANTED.—A good supply of hair brushes with good backs and handles. To be used on rats when "Running the Gauntlett."
NORMAL HALL GIRLS.

Prof. Neilson (speaking of one of Shakespeare's characters): "What can you say of his ingenuity?"
Maddox: "Why he was very ingenuity."

Mackey: "Where are you going?"
Breeding (an astronomy student): "I am going out to observe the phases of the moon."

ALUMNI NOTES.

J. R. BRITTINGHAM, '07.

We feel and know that it is impossible for any active and loyal student of an educational institution, who withdraws from his alma mater, to forget the scenes and faces which have grown dear to him. Therefore, we alumni are indeed grateful for the privilege of taking a share in the work of the college. It makes us feel less isolated and more closely connected with it. For often we feel that if our days were to be retraced, that we might possibly do more in behalf of our school. Though we may have played desperately in some game of football, yet we imagine we could do more, if we were only permitted to try again. And even *now*, when the "varsity" eleven is pushing their opponents down the field, you may know that we too are pushing with you. And so it is in all that concerns the college. Though we are no longer permitted to enter into the contests, yet we extend our interests. But we are certainly glad of the glorious privilege of bearing a part of the responsibilities of the school. So we cheerfully accept the chance to aid in the publication of a college monthly, and I, as the alumni editer, acknowledge it the duty of all true and loyal alumni to use their powers, even if they be meagre, to advance the interests of the Collegian. Speaking for the alumni, I wish the college success in every department, and will do all in my power to bring about such results.

Prof. H. P. Porter, '05, and Prof. W. H. Davis, '07, are the principal and vice-principal of the Bel Air High School respectively.

Among the class of '07 we find that the following teach in the same place, having given entire satisfaction in their locations: Prof. V. R. Truitt, Bishopville, Md.; Prof. C. V. Goslee, Willard's, Md.; Prof. J. R. Brittingham, Lemont, Va.

Prof. Charles Whealtey, '07, is principal of Millington High School. Mr. Wheatley was a bright student at the college, and gave satisfaction as instructor in Latin at Chestertown High School.

Mr. Norwood Voss, '08, is principal of the Grammar School of Tilghman's Island.

Mr. Arthur Hitch, '08, is employed to succeed his brother, Prof. Emmet Hitch, as *instructor* in Chemistry at *Cascaddilla*, a preparatory school to Cornell University.

Mr. T. Kemp Bordley is instructor in McDonough School, Baltimore.

Messrs. W. Houston Toulson and George White have accepted business positions in New York City.

Mr. Curtis Long, '07, is studying law at the University of Maryland.

Mr. Henry Wilson is Assistant Coach of football at Washington College.

Mr. L. W. Barroll, '08, has entered the Junior Class at Yale, where he expects to complete his course.

Mr. W. H. Corddry, '08, is taking a course in Civil Engineering at Lehigh.

Mr. Robert Huey, '08, is assistant book-keeper in the Second National Bank of Chestertown.

MARRIED.—August 26, 1908, Mr. G. Clifton Rounds, of Quantico, and Miss Hilda Howard, '07, N.

EXCHANGES.

EDITED BY E. G. BREEDING, '09.

With the advent of a new college year, the Collegian extends to all a most hearty greeting, and especially to the colleges whose papers we hope to have the pleasure of receiving soon.

The exchange columns of this, our first issue, will necessarily be short, due to the fact that as yet we have received no papers from our sister colleges, and consequently no material to work upon; but by the publication of our next paper we hope to have at hand many exchanges.

We will endeavor to keep in touch with all our sister colleges through our exchanges, and if we should neglect sending you a copy of any of our issues, kindly notify us at once and we will gladly forward same and will appreciate the copies from you.

Will one of the editors of every college paper kindly communicate with the Exchange Editor of the Washington Collegian ?

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Bulletin from the Maryland Agricultural Experiment Station, which contains much valuable information for students who are interesed in agriculture.

CALENDAR.

1908

September 16, Wednesday.....Opening of the college
September 16-19 .....Entrance examinations
October 14, Wednesday. Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
November 26, Thursday.....Thanksgiving Recess begins
November 29, Sunday.....Thanksgiving Recess ends
December 22, Tuesday.....Delivery of the Senior Orations
December 23, Wednesday.....Christmas Recess begins

1909

January 5, Tuesday.....Christmas Recess ends
January 13, Wednesday Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
February 3, Wednesday.....Opening of the Spring Term
February 22, Monday.....Washington's Birthday, a holiday
Annual Banquet of the Mt. Vernon Literary Society
March 31, Wednesday.....Observance of Maryland Day
April 6, Tuesday.....Delivery of the Senior Orations
April 7, Wednesday.....Easter Recess begins
April 13, Tuesday.....Easter Recess ends
April 14, Wednesday.....Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
April 30, Friday. Annual Contest of the Intercollegiate Oritorical Association.
May 7, Friday.....Reception by the Adelphia Literary Society
June 2, Wednesday.....Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
June 11, Friday.....Anniversary of the Adelphia Literary Society
June 12, Saturday.....Anniversary of the Pieria Literary Society
June 13, Sunday.....Baccalaureate Sermon
Sermon to the Christian Associations
June 14, Monday.....Senior Normal Class Day
Anniversary of the Mt. Vernon Literary Society
June 15, Tuesday.....Declamation Contest
Alumni Meeting and Banquet
June 19, Wednesday.....Commencement

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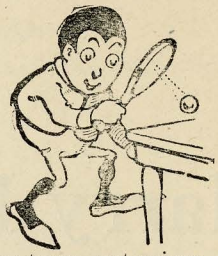

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VOLUME VI. NUMBER 2.

THE WASHINGTON COLLEGIAN.

NOVEMBER

1908

FOOT BALL SQUAD, 1908.

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1782—One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Session—1908

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LITERARY.

THE UNFINISHED MASTERPIECE.

W. RAYMOND MOODY, '09.

It was a cheerless day. I had thrown myself in an armchair by the window, and for want of something to do, gazed out over the neighboring roofs where the snow lay piled up in fantastic shapes like mock minarets. The wind sighed in the cornices with that peculiar low murmur, so unlike the gay laughter of the spring zephyrs or the twittering of the summer breezes. Now and then as if to mock the walls of my feeble abode, a whirlwind would rush by with an angry snarl, weave the falling flakes into a cloudy blanket that shut off the view, and push off from the roof a cake of ice that fell with a crash to the street below. This street, usually crowded, was almost deserted. The noise of the few heavy trucks that must travel in all sorts of weather, was deadened by the thick snowy carpet, except when a dull rumbling was heard as a wagon passed over a spot in the pavement, swept clean by the wind.

A score of pedestrians were hurrying past, perhaps to their homes where a fire was waitfng to warm their benumbed limbs. A sparrow, hovering under the window, flew exhaustedly and pecked feebly against the pane. I broke off a crumb from my scanty store of bread and put it within his reach. He devoured it eagerly, chirped a low "thank you," and swung out into the mist. For what more could he expect from one who had received so little of the good things of life, to whom every day the world appeared no less cold than now. Driven by increasing poverty to a miserable attic room above a busy thoroughfare, I had managed for a year or two, with the aid of my brush and a sincere love of art, to eke out a meagre existence, and now— My eye fell on an easel, in the remote corner of the room, holding a half-finished bust portrait of a woman. The outline was complete, a little filling in and shading, the minor part of the art, was all that was needed to complete the painting. And after all, when one sees a profile he can imagine the shades and tints that correspond. With such an imagination the effect would have been a revelation. The gentle, yet austere countenance; the bold lines of the profile, fading into the soft glow of the cheeks; the perfect symmetry of form; the loose hanging curl inadvertently touching a fine moulded throat. One looked twice at the bosom, partly concealed by a drapery, thrown gracefully over

the well-turned shoulder, to see if it were not moving.

En un mot, it was a charming face, not of the ordinary type, bu such a one as a Master, with a few skillful touches, might have transformed into a Venus. And there it was—waiting for—him—

Ah—well I remember the day I opened the door in answer to his resounding knock that resounded up and down the narrow staircase, threatening to dislodge it from its feeble moorings. A tall, raw-boned fellow, with hands more resembling claws than human form. His black, uncouth hair fell over a rough but resolute forehead, from whose shaggy brows shot a pair of piercing eyes. His dress marked him as a laborer and his rough hands showed signs of toil.

He stood for a moment, twisting his cloth cap in his hands and moving his feet nervously. His eyes wandering slowly around the room.

"You see, I want you to paint me a picture."

"Of whom ?" wondering if my skill would be baffled by such a subject.

"Of Theresa."

"Oh !" relieved. "And who may Theresa be ?" He did not answer.

"Well, we'll have a sitting to-morrow." As his shambling step died away on the stairs I made mental sketches of my subject, hoping she would be worthy of my brush.

The next morning he came again. I hastened to catch a glimpse of Theresa, but to my surprise the man was alone. He appeared confused.

"You see," he said in answer to my look of inquiry, "she lives away from here."

"How far ?"

"And I thought," ignoring my question, "that I could give you some idea of her that would help you to paint the picture without her being here just now. She will be here soon."

Although astonished at his apparent confidence in my skill, I embraced the opportunity of cultivating my imagination to the extent the case might acquire, and since I had no other work to do, I answered—"H'm—so then—" and decided to do the outline at his word and wait to see Theresa before adding the tone. He ambled off, muttering his thanks in a deep bass.

The next day he appeared with surprising punctuality. He sat down before the easel and nervously began his first crude dictation. At the end of the sitting the general character of the features had been worked out in crayon. Day after day, for weeks, he came

with religious zeal to worship at his unique shrine. He appeared in ecstasy. Every new touch,every created feature, seemed to give new life to his soul. Every day he became more expert in giving his directions. He uttered every word with fervor. "The shoulder should be given a gentler curve here; the ear is more perfectly rounded there." The minutest detail was not forgotten. But day by day he became more reticent in speaking of Theresa. "Yes, she will come soon—very soon," he would say with an embrassed look.

In a few weeks the portrait was all but completed. I marveled at the acute memory of him who sat absorbed, entranced, at my side. I was anxious to be in the presence of the woman whose charms had stamped such a vivid impression on his dull brain. He gave only vague answers to my urgent inquiries. Finally one day, I was in an angry mood, he preceived it, he was sensibly nervous—more confused than ever before. I glared at him. "See here, you have kept me waiting long enough, before the portrait can be finished I must see Theresa, you hear?" His face twiched with mental torture.

"And suppose you could finish it without Theresa?"

"Humph!" There was nothing to do but stamp my foot. "Impossible!"

I could not understand him. The canvas could be done in a day if he would bring the woman, otherwise—

"What?" he muttered, "What difference does it make? I will tell you, you can finish it."

I threw down my brush and stalked to the window.

"Bring Theresa or I refuse to go on!" He came toward me with anguish in his face; his jet black eyes rolled spasmodically; his chest heaved painfully, he laid a grizzly paw on my shoulder and in a gutteral voice, half audible, "Theresa is not living!"

Ah! There was something behind all this. I sank into a chair, unable to solve the mystery. He followed me. He bent down and in a hoarse whisper, "She has never existed!"

"What!" I sprang up, "And you have had me wasting my time on a myth?" Ah!—something in his face made me pity him."

"You see," he began in a low voice, "She has lived for years in my fancy, at night I dream of her, she is always before me, when I am alone she keeps me company, her smile cheers my life, I have no one to—but somehow it makes my way smoother to think she loves me. It means nothing to you, but to me—I knew what she was but I saw her dimly, you see—before I left her I wanted to see her face."

He glanced toward the unfinished canvas from whose out lines each artist might have developed a different face—"And I have seen her."

The truth flashed upon me! What a fool I was! I was ashamed of myself. Here I was, for weeks in touch with one—an inferior—as I thought, incapable of knowing that he was a human being, like Myself—and yet, there he was, with no one to care for him—forced to invent a lover—that I, an artist, could never see.

Lower beings, we say, and from the height of our self-conceit we look down upon them. From the summit of our superiority we pity them and have a mild compassion for them, whose only fault is that like us, they cannot assume a virtue which they do not possess. Heaven help us!

I looked up—he was gone! For days I awaited his return. He never came.

And ever since, the easel has stood over there in the corner and now and then I look at it—

RACING THE CHAMPION.

"Baker—one yard," called the clerk of the course.

I walked out and took my place at the yard mark. The scene was at a track meet in Torrington, Connecticut, the event the annual field day of all the Connecticut Athletic Clubs. It was late in June and I had just returned from school and been asked to represent a club from my home town. As I was in pretty good condition after having trained all spring, I had consented to compete—hence my presence at the track when my name was called. I dug a couple of holes in which to brace my feet, and while I was doing this the clerk continued to read off the names.

"Twenty-one men are entered in the hundred. Therefore I shall run seven men in a heat, making three heats, the first two in each heat to qualify for the final," said the clerk.

He had called the seven men for the first heat and as I stood waiting for orders from the starter, I had a chance to look them over. I found that I knew most of them. Next to me was Rodgers, of New Haven. He had three yards handicap but I was sure that I could beat him. Next to him stood Nolan, of Thomaston, who also had three yards. I was a little afraid of him, for he was a pretty fast man. The next two men, who each had six yards, were strangers to me. From their nervous actions I judged them to be novices. The next man was a club-mate of mine who stood at the

five yard mark. He was a good quarter mile, but had not the speed to run the hundred. I then looked at the last man, who was at scratch, and saw him to be Walsh, the best hundred yard man in Connecticut. Above all men in the country, he was the man I had always wanted to trim. He was a fellow who could run and he knew it; furthermore he wanted everybody to know that he could run and that he was the best hundred yard man in Connecticut. Many times I would gladly have given any of my possessions to be able to beat him. Well, I had a yard on him and I was going to make him run for it.

"Go to your marks," came the words of the starter.

"Get set," came the next signal.

Bang!

I leaped from the mark with a perfect start and at ten yards had found my stride. I could see three men ahead of me, a few more strides and I had passed one of them. The other two stuck together at about the same distance; at fifty yards I saw that I was gaining on them; at sixty yards we were running even. Five yards more I was ahead, with the stretch in front of me clear.

Where, however, was Walsh all this time? I expected to see him flash by me at any moment. But he did not come. When about five yards from the tape I caught a glimpse of him out of the corner of my eye. He was running nearly even with me on the other side of the track. This glimpse gave me a second speed, for I fairly flew at the tape, striking it a few inches ahead of him. I had won my heat. I had beaten Walsh once, but could I do it again in the final?

The other two heats of the hundred were run off and then the mile event was run in order to give us a rest before the final. A few minutes after the mile was finished the announcer called us out.

I chose the alley next to Walsh so that I could see him if he came up on me. Six men reported; the starter sent us to the mark and gave the signal to get set. I was so nervous that I started before the gun was fired. The starter called me back a yard, to the same mark with Walsh. I could never hope to win now. Again the starter sent us to the mark, and again I could not hold myself there and was penalized a yard.

"The next time, I'll put you out of the race," threatened the starter.

I was now a yard behind Walsh, who turned with a sneering grin, which as much as said, "You are out of it now."

When I saw his sneering countenance I was more anxious than ever to win. The chances looked pretty small, but I went to the

mark again determined to win. This time I steadied myself and held my mark. At the report of the gun I jumped from the mark with an excellent start. All I could see was Walsh, a yard ahead of me. I did not notice the positions of the other men, for all I cared about was winning over Walsh. The name of Walsh seemed to be burned on my brain. If I could only beat him I would not care who won. He did not seem to be pulling away from me and I did not seem to be gaining on him. We ran like this for about fifty yards, when we flashed by the whole set of other contestants. At sixty yards I thought I had gained a few inches on the champion. At seventy yards I knew I had gained. Both sides of the track were lined with people, twenty-two thousand in all, yelling and cheering at the top of their lungs; it sounded like so much thunder to me. At eighty yards only half a yard separted us. At ninty Walsh was a foot ahead of me. The finish of Morton, the English champion hundred yard man, flashed through my mind. When he gets within six or eight feet of the tape he fairly throws himself at it, saving himself from falling by thrusting his right foot out in front of him. The next instant I jumped at the tape, and struck it a few inches ahead of Walsh!

STUDENT, '12.

A PRE-FRESHMAN AMUSEMENT—MY BULL FIGHT.

BY EVELYN L. HOPKINS, '12.

I was sitting in the patio of the Casa Robinson one Sunday morning when I heard the strains of a band. Some one said: "Here comes the bull fight parade," and I went to the front with others to see it pass. First came the City Band, drum and cymbals in the front rank and reed instruments bringing up the rear, followed by a clown on horseback distributing handbills advertising the performance for that afternoon. Next came three husky mules intended to drag out the bulls when killed; then two picadores (spearmen), and finally three open carriages containing the six torreros (bull fighters) in their handsome costumes of silver and gold. A bill informed me that six bulls would be fought, three to fall by the sword of Mazzantini, champion of Spain, and three by that of Ponciano Diaz, the premier torrero of Mexico. Such a star attraction decided me to go, and four o'clock found me comfortably seated in the Plaza de Toros amid a crowd of yelling enthusiasts.

The amphitheatre consists of a circular ring of about one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, surrounded by a wall seven feet in height to prevent the bull leaping among the audience, and in this ring the fight takes place. From the wall the seats ascend in tiers. The ring is open to the sky, and in the sol (sun) are the cheaper seats for the blanket Mexicans, while the sombra (shade) is filled with dainty senoritas and senoras and their escorts. It is a gala occasion, and both the Fifth and Eleventh bands play in turn. The Governor, himself, is present and signals the trumpeter to sound for the entry.

The trumpet blares, the large gates at the other end of the enclosure swing open, the band breaks into a stirring march, and the fighters enter. The fighters on this occasion include two renowned matadores (swordsmen); two banderilleros or men who throw the banderrillos, which are barbed sticks about twenty inches long, covered with tissue ribbons or various lengths and colors; two capeares who flourish their red capes before the bull, and two picadores. These march around the arena and halting before the seat of the Governor, ask permission to begin the fight. The great man nods and tosses the key of the pen in which the bulls are confined, to the captan. This gentleman hands it to the gate-keeper and the fighters scatter to their respective positions around the ring. The gate-keeper ascends to a safe perch beside a door in the enclosure, unlocks the door and throws it open, and as the bull enters, jabs him with a barbed dart hung with gaily-colored streamers. The bull snorts, and with a rush is in the ring gazing in stupid bewilderment and blinking in the bright sunlight at the thousands of shouting people about him and the gold and silver spangled figures of the fighters.

And such a bull! Not a Kent county moo-cow, but a black monster—a bull from the famous Ramirez ranch noted for the fierceness of its stock. As his eyes become accustomed to the glare,he notes one of the cape-men, and with lowered head charges with a mad rush. With cape slightly extended the man stands motionless until the bull seems upon him, when with a deft side step he barely avoids the horns. A picador mounted on a horse, now attracts the animal's attention. The bull charges, but the skillful picador veers him off with his spear. Another cape-man dances in front of him and again he charges, only to miss by an inch. The second picador is now in front of the maddened bull and again he makes a desperate rush—this time with success. The spear fails to veer him and the next moment man and horse are lifted on his horns and crashed to the ground. The man is quickly helped away by his comrades,but

the horse is gored again and again until dead.

Having vented his rage on the horse, the bull looks for another victim and thinks he has found one in the banderillero who dances before him holding aloft two be-ribboned sticks and no cape with which to fool him. With lowered head he makes his dash and just as he is about to give the upward toss the figure slips aside, leaving two rankling barbs on each side of the animal's neck just back of the horns. The bull stops and paws and shakes his head, and suddenly whirls to find another banderillero almost within his reach. Again he charges, again the man slips aside and two darts again are planted close by the others. Before the bull can turn a third figure places the third pair of those rankling ornaments beside the others. He tosses his head and with every toss the banderillos swing, the bards rankle, and the great bull's rage increases; so now comes the last and most important act.

The famous Ponciano Diaz, champion matador of Mexico, with the no less famous Mazzantini of Spain at his side, approaches the governor's stand and requests his august permission to kill the beast. The governor accedes and Ponciano politely hands the sword to Mazzantini. The rules allow the bull three trials to gore the matador before the matador is permitted a single thrust at the bull and the matador must kill with not more than three thrusts, or he is disgraced.

Mazzantini takes the sword and a little red flag, and stepping close to the bull holds the flag in the animal's face. The bull charges and the matador, steping quickly aside draws the flag over the brute's eyes and along his back, causing him to turn in his tracks. A second charge and a second dodge, Then a third charge, which is as skillfully avoided. Now it is Mazzantini's time to attack. He stands lightly, sword in right hand and flag in left, and aims to pierce a little dot about the size of a silver dollar between the shoulder blades. It takes a steady hand and cool nerve. The bull makes his fourth desperate rush, the matador quickly side-steps, at the same time thrusting and burying the sword to the hilt. The bull stops stort, trembles, sways, staggers and goes down with a thud. The crowd yells its applause, the bands blare, Mazzantini doffs his hat and bows.

Six bulls were killed—three by Mazzantini and three by Ponciano Diaz—and the contest between skill and brute strength was over.

NOBLE ELEVEN.

Here they come, here they come,
Were the deafening cries,
Upon Washington field,
Rushed the noble eleven.
"Signals," was the quarterback's cry,
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to win or die,
Noble eleven.

Rooters to the right of them,
Rooters to the left of them,
St. John's in front of them,
Confident and waiting,
But they were not dismayed;
No! no! Not even dismayed,
If it was St. John's they played,
Noble eleven.

Right down the field they rushed,
Right through the line they crushed,
Their motto, "Win we must,"
Noble eleven.
Just like the cannon bold,
Which in the days of old
Volleyed and thundered.

The touchdowns they did score,
Could any one ask more?
But away St. John's tore
With victory.
But each man did his part,
And played the game with all his heart,
And with victory hated to part,
Noble eleven.

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THE STAFF.

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LYDIA JONES, Religious.
LUCY GYWN BRANHAM, Social.
JAMES W. JOHNS, Athletic.
ROBT. EARLE GREENLEE, Humorous.
JOHN R BRITTINGHAM, Alumni.
E. G. BREEDING, Inter. Collegiate.

ALBERT D. MACKEY, Business Manager.

B. TREW DURDING, Asst. Business Manager.

In an Editorial Way.

The Thanksgiving holidays are now almost upon us and we know that all the students are beginning to look forward with a great deal of pleasure to the good dinner and all the other requisites which constitute a pleasant Thanksgiving day. We wish each and every student the most pleasant of holidays. But aside from the pleasure of being at home with those who are near and dear to us and enjoying the dinner prepared for us, let us not forget the original motive for setting aside the last Thursday of November as a holiday.

The Pegasus under the efficient management of the Junior class is making rapid progress. The class of '10 has always been noted for its persistency and determination, and we feel that even though this is a comparatively new undertaking and one in which they will not have the benefit of the experience of preceding classes, the Pegasus will be a great success, and will reflect honor upon the college as well as upon the Junior class.

The bleachers which have been erected on the athletic field add very materially to the comfort of the spectators as well as to the appearance of the field. Since the erection of these stands and of the fence just outside the track the games have been carried on with much more facility and in a more business like manner. The players are now free from all side line interference and everyone

can see as well when comfortably seated in the stands as when standing on the side lines and pushing out on the field at critical stages of the game.

The two biggest games of the season have been played and we are glad to know that although Washington lost both games she was hard to beat and we still believe that our team is a match for any team in the state. The team showed great fighting spirit and endurance in both games and especially in the game with St. John's. A team that can go into the second half of a foot-ball game after having eighteen points scored against them in the first half, with such vim, spirit, and determination to win, and by hard fighting score sixteen points deserves great credit. We are all proud of our team even though they did not win and we can now only look forward to the future with more confidence than ever before. In both the Western Maryland and St. John's games the entire student body and especially the leader of the rootinggang deserve great credit for the manner in which they stuck by the team even when defeat was staring us in the face. The varsity has played its last game at home and we must settle down to wait until next fall to see them line up again on Washington field.

The Collegian takes this opportunity to extend its thanks to Mr. Cooper and Mr. Thomas Massey, in behalf of the student body, for the service which they rendered us in helping to put the team in shape to meet St. John's on the grid-iron. Mr. Cooper graduated from Maryland Agricultural College in the class of '08. He played half back on the M. A. C. team for four years and was captain of the team in 1906. He gave our team good practice and his work was much appreciated by the team as well as the student body in general. Mr. Massey, who is a former student of the college, has always been loyal to Washington and has always been deeply interested in her welfare both from the stand point of scholarship and of athletics, and we feel that there is no better time than now to extend to him our thanks, and to show our appreciation of his zeal in behalf of Washington. We also wish to thank Mr. Harrison W. Vickers, Jr., for the efficient manner in which he has refereed all our home games.

Mr. W. H. Corddry, '08, who is now a student at Lehigh has written the editors of the COLLEGIAN expressing a desire to have the opportunity of writing for its columns. He thinks that the Alumni should by all means contribute articles for the COLLEGIAN and give it their support in every possible way. We would be glad if more of the Alumni would so express thier interest in the COLLEGIAN.

SOCIAL NOTES.

EDITED BY LUCY GWYN BRANHAM, '11.

The Misses Reid and Miller have lately entered college.

Mr. Thomas Wilson Eliason Jr., was in Philadelphia for the Lafayette—Pennsylvania battle.

President Cain, Dr Gault, and Professor Seronde saw the Indians play the Navy at Annapolis.

Professor and Mrs. Edward J. Clarke have been entertaining Miss Freeman, of Norfolk.

Mr. A. Claude Griffin entertained his brother from Denton the St. John's game week-end.

Messrs. Edgar McMaster, ex–'09, and Harris S. Corddry, '08, visited the college and witnessed the St. John's game.

Mr. Gardner Lowe, of Delaware College, came down for the big game and remained over Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert H. Gault spent a week at Ellicott City and Baltimore, Dr. Gault lecturing before the Ellicott City institute.

Miss Bowers, '08, N., visited Normal Hall and saw the game with St. John's.

We are glad to note that Mr. Morris Barroll is able to resume his studies at the college.

Mr. L. K. Rhodes, ex–'10 of Queenstown, was a visitor at college on the day of the St. John's game.

Miss Julia Hopkins will return to college after the holidays.

Mr. Robert Gill, '07, spent several days in Chestertown and visited the college.

Professor Edward J. Clarke was absent from his classes for a week during the past month owing to illness.

Mr. H. C. Butler, ex-'10, who played left end on the St. John's foot ball team remained at college over Sunday.

About the middle of October Dr. A. Sager Hall took the college students on a jolly chestnut hunt.

Mr. Henry Klinefelter gave a straw ride and chestnut party to the college students in his Sunday school class and six of their friends. The girls had a delightful time in the woods, and a little spread before they started back to the hall.

A Japanese tea attended by a number of the college students was given at the home of Mrs. Hope H. Barroll for the benefit of the Chestertown Improvement Society. The reception room was decorated with beautiful Japanese tapestries and ornaments; the adjoining flower room with autumn grasses and vases of brilliant chrysanthemums. In the tea-room, quaint little Japanese maids served tea and wafers.

The ghosts entertained the women students Hallowe'en in the lower regions of Normal Hall. The dining room was lighted by jack-o-lanterns;and witches in three attractive little booths entertained the guests at fortune telling and other mysterious things. Some of the guests bobbed for apples and found their destines in meal balls.

When the curtains at one end of the hall were pushed aside, all interest was turned toward "Blue-beard." The caste was as follows:

Blue-beard, the Misses Marguerite Skipper. Tamina,Mis sLucy Gwyn Branham. Anne, Miss Mary Carey Harrison. Taminas brother, Miss Martha Pennington.

Blue-beards victims, the Misses Edith Denny, Ethel Collison, Esther Geist, Reeda M. Stoops, and Elizabeth Snodgrass.

After the play the musicians arrived and the girls took their partners for a two-step. The twelfth dance was "Home, Sweet Home."

Several of the college students attended the Wilkins—Wickes wedding. Miss Wickes is the daughter of Ex-Judge Wickes who is a member of the Board of Governors and Visitors of the college.

RELIGIOUS.

EDITED BY LYDIA JONES, '09, N.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. work this year is becoming very interesting. The committee on religious meetings has prepared a good program of topics and leaders. For the past month we have taken up a series of topics on the college girl as "A College Girl's Sunday", "A College Girl's Temptations and Idols", etc. As these topics appeal to us they have been enjoyed and have made the meetings attractive. A new idea has been adopted for announcing the subject of each meeting, that of having on the bulletin board, a poster upon which is a picture illustrating the topic. This attracts the attention of the students and causes them to remember the meeting.

Our Bible Study Class this year is continuing it's work in "Studies in the Life of Christ" by Sallmon. The Misses Townsend, Snodgrass and Branham have charge of this work.

Y. M. C. A.

NORTHFIELD STUDENT CONFERENCE, 1908.

C. T. RYAN, '11.

When I landed at Northfield as a delegate from the Washington College Y. M. C. A. I could hardly realize that there were present over a thousand men from the universities and colleges of our country. The beautiful surroundings, charming scenery, and the cool refreshing breezes gave invigoration to my whole body.

The program in general was exceptionally good. Mr. Mott in his address on "The Consequence of Sin", brought home with great force the problems of personal life.

To listen to the Round Top services every evening was a greater inspiration, if possible, than of which Moody, who lies buried there could ever have dreamed.

Each morning at nine o'clock one could fine more than sixty group Bible classes scattered over the campus, in the various porches, on the side of the hills, or under the trees. The classes were conducted under the leadership of the strongest men from the various colleges, who were in turn coached daily by Bible experts.

This illustrated in a practical way the group system of Bible study

Following these classes came the mission study. There were seven courses given, each representing a new field. It was surprising to see so many delegates from preparatory schools, and for their benefit a daily mission study class was organized.

There were thirty-three members of faculties in attendance and were in conference under the leadership of Prof. H. T. Fowler, of Brown University. This is conclusive evidence that our instructors are seeing the need of association work in their colleges.

More than thirty men from China, Korea, Japan, and India, were delegates to the conference. It was a worldwide and cosmopolitan gathering. These foreigners were as interested in mission study relative to their own country as were American students. No spirit of superiorty was shown by Americans towards any Oriental nation there.

The athletic and social features were made attractive by the spirit shown in them. Just the true college spirit with fine courtesy, no rowdyism, no unsportsman-like conduct was shown.

The evangelistic spirit was manifested throughout the students, not during the first and second days, but during the entire conference. When I saw such a large majority of the college world pulling together, it led me to be more vigorous in attempting to do my part. I think those ten days were not only well-spent, but spent in the best possible way."

ALUMNI NOTES.

EDITED BY J. R. BRITTINGHAM, '07.

Mr. John I. Coulbourne, '97, a former well-known educator of the state, is now engaged in a lucrative lumber business, with his brothers, in the city of Philadelphia.

Miss Ruth A. Clauson, '08, spent a night at Normal hall, en route to Seaford, Delaware, where she has accepted the position as vice-principal in the high school.

Mr. Norwood Warner Voss, '08, is now principal of a high school at Curtis Bay.

Miss Evelyn Sudler Rolph, '07 N.,is teaching very successfully at Ingleside.

Miss Grace Riggin, '08, N., is teaching school near Sudlersville.

Mr. L. C. Robinson, '05, spent a day at college last month. He is now principal of the high school at Harrington, Delaware.

Mr. A. S. Garrison, '06, now a senior at Lehigh,has been elected a member of the Tau Beta Pi, a national honorary society in which membership is based upon high scholastic attainments and upright character.

H. O. Stephens, '05, is also a member of this society.

Mr. Daniel J. Mahoney, former coach, is studying dentistry at the University of Pennsylvania.

ATHLETICS.

EDITED BY JAS. W. JOHNS, '09.

On Friday, October 16, Washington played the strong team of Mt. St. Mary's. The game was quite closely contested, both teams being equally matched. The features of the game were the punting of Porter for Washington, and the defensive work of Mt. St. Mary's at critical times, her goal line being in danger several times. Neither side scored. The line-up:

WASHINGTON.	POSITION.	MT. ST. MARY'S.
Crouch	Left-End	Feahey
Gibson (Captain)	Left-Taclke	Debold
Jones	Left-Guard	Middleton (Captain)
Johnson	Centre	Chaisley
Porter, F	Right-Guard	Butlermer, Daly
Maddox	Right-Tackle	Weyward
Turner	Right-End	O'Brien
Meegan	Quarterback	Robinson
Porter, A	Left-Half	Gill
Jump, (Cross)	Right-Half	Connelly
Voss, (Nole)	Fullback	McLaughlin

Referee—Thompson. Umpire—McGrath. Headlinesman—Flannery. Time of halves 25 minutes.

WESTERN MARYLAND, 24—WASHINGTON, 10

On Friday Oct. 23, Washington was defeated by Western Maryland by a score of 24–10. At the end of the first half it looked as if Washington was a sure winner, having scored two touchdowns to Western Maryland's one, but in the second half Washington was forced to put in five substitutes to replace those disabled, and after that W. M. was able to gain at will, through the line or around the ends. Jump and Noonan played a good gamef or Washington, and Carver and Stultz for W. Md.

The game by plays:

W. C. received kick on 40 yard line, and advanced ball 15 yards, punted and recovered ball on W. M. C's 30 yard line, punted and recovered ball on 15 yard line, penalized 15 yards, punted to W. M's. 2 yard line and secured the ball. Noonan pushed through for a touchdown. Porter failed to kick goal.

W. C. received kick on 25 yard line and advanced ball to 40 yard line; punted to 45 yard line and lost ball. W. M. C. advanced ball by rushes to 15 yard line, and held for downs, W. C. punted outside, it was W. M. C's. ball on 15 yard line, and by line rushes they carried it over for a touchdown. Stultz kicked goal.

W. C. kicked off to W. M. C's. 5 yard line, ball advanced to 25 yard line, W. M. C. penalized 15 yards, punted to 40 yard line caught by Jump and carried over for a touchdown. Porter failed to kick goal.

W. C. received ball on 10 yard line, advanced ball to 30 yard line, punted to W. M. C's. 50 yard line, W. M. C. advanced ball 5 yards and punted to W. C's 20 yard line, W. C. punted and recovered on 35 yard line, punted again to middle of field, W. M. C. rushed ball to W. C's. 15 yard line and were held for downs. W.C. punted to 20 yard line. W. M. C. tried a drop-kick for goal but failed. W. C.'s ball on 25 yard line, punted to 40 yard line. W. M. C. returned punt to 20 yard line.

Time called at the end of first half.

W. C. kicked off to W. M.'s 5 yd. line, kick returned to middle of field, end run by Jump for 20 yds., W. M. C. penalized 15 yds, and punted to middle of field. W.C. punted to W. M.'s 40 yd. line. W. M. C. punted to W.C's. 40 yd. line, return punt of 30 yds.; then by line rushes and two end runs of 25 and 15 yds., W. M. C. advanced the ball to W. C's. 15 yd. line, and ball was rushed over for a touchdown. Stultz kicked goal.

W. C. kicked off to W. M.'s 30 yd line, ball returned 10 yds. W. M. C. penalized 15 yds, and punted to 45 yd. line. W.C. punted to W. M.'s 5 yd. line. W. M. C. returned punt to 40 yd. line. W. C. punted back to W. M.'s 10 yd. line. W. M. C. advanced ball by line rushes to 35 yd. line and punted to W. C.'s 50 yd. line. W. C. punted to W. M. C'.s 35 yd. line, punt returned to W. C.'s 40 yd.line punted back to W. M. C's. 25 yd. line,punt returned to middle of field. W.C. punted to W. M.C.'s 20 yd. line and punt was returned to middle of field, W. M. C. recovering ball, and advancing it on an end run to W. C'.s 20 yd.line, ball then by successive rushes carried over for a touchdown. Stultz kicked goal.

W.C.kicked off to W. M.C's. 10 yd. line; ball returned to 25 yd. line, after exchanges of punts, and several long end runs by the visitors, they again pushed the ball over for a touchdown. Stultz kicked goal.

W. C. kicked off to W. M. and after several exchanges of punts, time was called for the end of the second half, with the ball on W. C's. 40 yd. line.

The line up:

W. C.	POSITIONS.	W. M. C.
Jump, Hayes	Left-End	Longfield
C. Gibson (Capt.)	Left-Tackle	Gibson
Jones	Left-Guard	Hummel
Johnson	Centre	Twigg
Porter, F	Right-Guard	Dudley
Maddox	Right-Tackle	Grape
Crouch, Cross	Right-End	Stultz
Meegan	Quarterback	Thomas
Porter A., Nole	Left-Halfback	Birdsell
Turner	Right-Halfback	Carver
Noonan, Krantz	Fullback	Turner

Referee—Vickers. Umpire—Hunter. Head linesman—Massey. Time-keeper—Prof. Clark. Time of halves 25 minutes.

HUMOROUS.

R. EARLE GREENLEE, '10.

Senior.—"What is the height of your ambition?"
Comely.—"Oh! about 6 feet and 1 inch."

Meredith.—"Jumbo is a very dissagreeable fellow, isn't he?"
Garey.—"Yes, even what he eats don't agree with him."

Prof. Jones, in (astronomy.)–"What is the shape of the earth."
Sylvester.—"Well, from what I read it must be in pretty bad shape."

Johnson (after getting off the boat at Tolchester)—"My! I certainly am glad I am on Terracotta again" (meaning terrafirma.)

Cain.—"Mackey, what's your politics?"
Mackey.—"I am a socialist."
Cain.—"That's me, kid, I'm in for society, too."

Cain.—"What position did you hold in the printing office?"
Morton.—"Why, I was head devil."
Cain.—"I always thought you were a big one,but I didn't think you were professional."

Jump, (in junior chemistry)—"Dr. Hall, in which bottle will I find H_2O?"
Dr.—"Why, you will find that in the spigot."

WANTED.—Some one who will act as a guardian for Crouch, and will take care of Porter's coat on football trips. Sylvester, Manager.

Langsdale.—"Crouch,what makes your appetite so much larger since you got your nose broken?"

Crouch.—"You crazy simpleton,don't you see this extra pound and a half of superfluous flesh here in my face that I have to feed."

Jones.—"Hey White, where are you going?"

White.—"Going down to the drug store to get this description filled."

Madden.—"Krantz, why are you writing so large?"

Krautz.—"Well,you see my mother is deaf and I am writing a loud letter to her."

Prof. Neilson.—"Mr.Maddox,who was the leader of the Revolutionary war?"

Maddox.—"Why, Napoleon."

Dr. Hall, (in Zoology)—"What is next to an oyster?"

Bacchus.—"Its shell.

Huston—"I caught an awful nice girl tonight."

Huey—"That so?"

Huston.—"She told me that I was the best looking fellow up here."

Huey.—"That's not saying much for you."

Coulbourn, (on seeing macaroni for the first time)—"Stauffer, please pass the string beans."

Barber Vandegrift—"My! your hair needs cutting badly."

Gibson—"Well, I don't know of anyone who can cut it any worse than you."

Cim—"I was one of the 400 when I was at Mt. St. Mary's."

Noonan—"Which one of the ciphers did you stand for?"

Prof. Clarke (making inspections and finding Johnson in bed)—"Mr. Johnson, don't you find that rather hard on the eyes?"

Johnson—"Yes, sir, but it's powerful easy on the back."

Maddox (translating Cicero)—"O transcript fathers!" (meaning conscript fathers).

EXCHANGES.

EDITED BY E. G. BREEDING, '09.

The first exchange the Collegian had the pleasure of receiving was the Western Maryland College Monthly. In this paper we find some good literary work,and as we read the different articles we naturally ask, who wrote this or that article? After looking carefully for the names of the writers, we find that in the case of every article or publication the writer's name is missing. If anything is worth publishing at all, the name of the writer should certainly accompany it. Now the story "Sad But True" is a very clever one indeed and true to student life, but since the name of the writer is not published, we are at a loss to know whether the author, who received those twenty-five fever blisters, was a young lady or a young man.

Turning next to the pages of the Southern Collegian, we find much literary talent exhibited in this paper. "A Successful Failure" is especially worthy of mention, and we are looking forward to the arrival of the next issue which will contain another interesting article by Mr. Iden. From the character of this story we can readily understand why this writer has gained such fame in the literary world. Poetic ability is also shown in this paper. The poem "Virginia's Valley" shows not only good poetry, but that the lives of those two Southerners, Lee and Jackson, were devoted to the love of their country and fellow-men. Excepting one or two "stale" jokes in the "Wise and Otherwise" columns, nothing but good can be said of the Southern Collegian.

We always look forward with a great deal of pleasure for the arrival of the Agnetian Monthly. Although published by an editorial staff composed entirely of young ladies, this paper is among the best published by any college in the state. Among the literary productions, "How to Succeed" and "Thoughts of Poets and Their Works" are highly commendable, but we would like to know who that "who" is? So many college papers contain articles published without the names of the writers, and, as is often the case, the writing might be such a good literary production that the reader would desire to know the person who possesses this unusual ability, and criticise if necessary, but unless some name accompanies the article, the reader is entirely ignorant concerning the genius.

Therefore let us *all* attend to this, and in the future may every article published bear with it the name of the writer.

We have sent exchange copies to many of our sister colleges and would like to have you exchange with us. So far we have received no papers from St.Johns, Maryland Agricultural, and Delaware Colleges.

CALENDAR.

1908

September 16, Wednesday.....Opening of the college
September 16-19 .....Entrance examinations
October 14, Wednesday. Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
November 26, Thursday.....Thanksgiving Recess begins
November 29, Sunday.....Thanksgiving Recess ends
December 22, Tuesday.....Delivery of the Senior Orations
December 23, Wednesday.....Christmas Recess begins

1909

January 5, Tuesday.....Christmas Recess ends
January 13, Wednesday Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
February 3, Wednesday.....Opening of the Spring Term
February 22, Monday.....Washington's Birthday, a holiday
Annual Banquet of the Mt. Vernon Literary Society
March 31, Wednesday.....Observance of Maryland Day
April 6, Tuesday.....Delivery of the Senior Orations
April 7, Wednesday.....Easter Recess begins
April 13, Tuesday.....Easter Recess ends
April 14, Wednesday.....Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
April 30, Friday..Annual Contest of the Intercollegiate Oritorical Association.
May 7, Friday.....Reception by the Adelphia Literary Society
June 2, Wednesday.....Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
June 11, Friday.....Anniversary of the Adelphia Literary Society
June 12, Saturday.....Anniversary of the Pieria Literary Society
June 13, Sunday.....Baccalaureate Sermon
Sermon to the Christian Associations
June 14, Monday.....Senior Normal Class Day
Anniversary of the Mt. Vernon Literary Society
June 15, Tuesday.....Declamation Contest
Alumni Meeting and Banquet
June 19, Wednesday.....Commencement

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The manager is collecting old copies of the COLLEGIAN to place on file in the College Library. All numbers previous to June, 1906, would be gratefully appreciated from any old subscriber.

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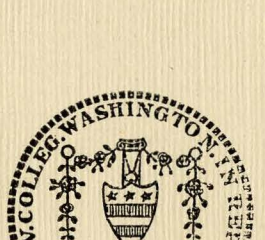

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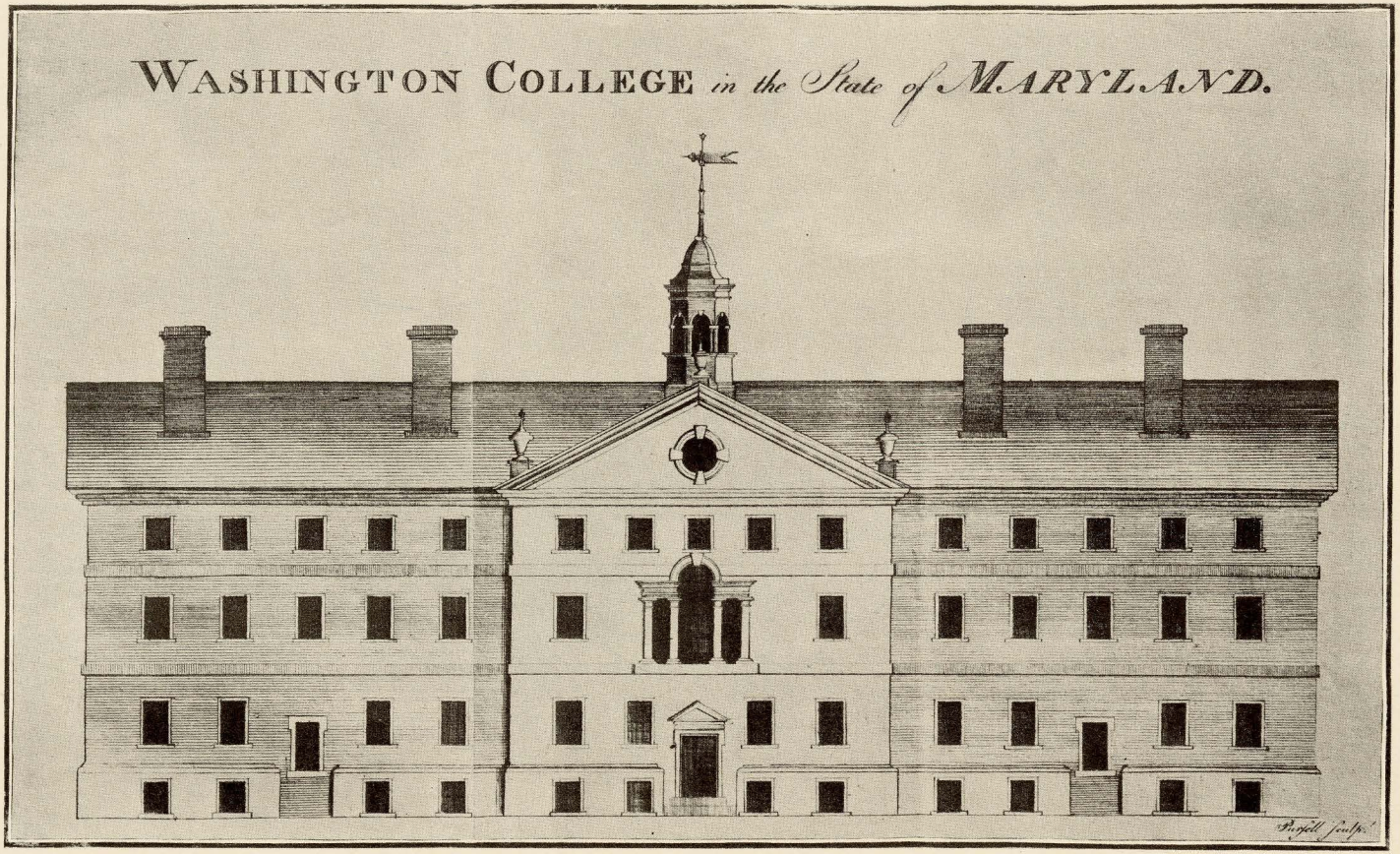

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LITERARY.

TENDENCY TOWARD CENTRALIZATION.

PROF. J. R. BRITTINGHAM, '07.

Government has been outlincd under three heads, namely: monarcy, aristocracy and democracy. But these divisions are more *ideal* than real, for one form may spring from another. No one form of these thiee ever exists without some traces of the remaining forms. There never was a monarchy which was not in some ways aristocratic; there never was a democracy which was not in some respects monarchical; there never was an aristrocacy which did not bear some resemblance to a monarchy, which did not in some way show such an inclination. We have seen how, in the time of the Roman republic, there was a Cæsar to rise into prominence, and how there was a tendency to establish a kingdom with him as king, thus diminishing the power of the people and increasing the power of one man. We have seen in the history of France how there was a Napoleon at the head of a powerful army, who threatened to be everything but king. We have seen how his ambition would not hesitate at anything, and how, while at the head of the army, he was really the head of the nation. We have seen how the aristocratic government of Venice was unsatisfactory to a certain extent. The rulers did not at all times agree. There was a desire among them for supremacy. Thus the sovereign power was difficult to maintain in the hands of many without giving prominence to some special one. We have seen how a commonwealth was established in England and how the sovereign power soon sought a single man, Charles II, and even during the period of the commonwealth Cromwell was more of a monarch than any king of England, and leaving special examples out of the discussion, we have seen how in newly formed republics the great tendency was to give too much power to some great hero or statesman. How many have risen to a degree of prominence through his ability or ambition. Now, when any man becomes so powerful that his word is law in a country, then he is *king* in reality even if not nominally so.

There seems to be a certain portion of all men's natures, which seeks to lavish power, honor and influence upon some superior. They do not seem to be content to possess more rights themselves. They would rather by far possess fewer rights and be restricted by fewer obligations or be burdened by less duties and responsibilities.

It is even so within a democracy or a republic. At first the participation in the making of their own laws, the sharing in their own government, is especially enjoyed by all. But later as the nation grows and the burdens of the government become heavy, a different feeling arises. The majority of men wishing to be exempt from responsibilities look for some one to bear them for them. Some wish the government conducted one way, some another. Hence, we derive political parties and each party a leader. The stronger party wins and places its man in the executive position. If this man is very influential his word and wish are equivalent to law. He may and can, as is often the case, become a dictator. Then he is a "king" and the republic is a kinghom under a euphonistic term "democracy."

Now let us bring the question home to the United States. As there is a catering to a close centralized power elsewhere, it is here likewise. This republic in the beginning would have been a monarchy if Washington would have been the king. Strong political parties have been organized. Until the last four decades, these shared the executive honors about equally. (By strong parties are meant Republican and Democratic.) But recently, since manufacturing and the like has increased, since the Croesus's of America have thrown their ballots and influence with the Republicans, this party has ruled the country for an almost unbroken period of more than a quarter of a century. It has apparently narrowed down to one party, will it not in time, working upon the same principle, confine itself to one man?

What is the essential difference between the government of England and America? Our U. S. Senators are elected by the Legislature. The member of the Upper House of Parliament in England takes his seat through heredity. Then would it be impossible either to increase the power of the chief executive a little, or to alter the method of selecting our Senators? Greater wonders have been accomplished than this. A great many things seem to indicate that something of this nature will happen. We have already had some very dictating Presidents, one *even naming* the *next* President. Already the question of U. S. Senators is not always the choice of the people. Pecuniary considerations talk in a very convincing tone sometimes. Personal favoritism is also an important factor. Party dictation talks in no uncertain sounds. The best friends to this country are the ones who are striving to secure the election of Senators by direct vote.

Then when we think of all these conditions let us ask ourselves the question: Of what nature is the government of the United States of America; a monarchy,aristociacy or democracy? Is it a democ-

racy? answered by a question, "does the sovereign power lie with the bulk of the people?" Scarcely so. Is it an aristocracy? Well, we only have one head ruler, even if there is a select few whose favor he usually seeks and upon whom he is dependent.

Is it a monarchy? Well, not nominally so, but there is much the same principle of the limited monarchy. Will it ever be a monarchy? We will wait and see. Time will settle this question.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

ETHEL COOPER, 09 N.

Three girls sat in a room in Blythesdale Seminary, talking of what wonderful things they were going to do in the future! Such castles in the air were never built before. Jeanette was telling of the plans she had made.

"I am going to Germany to study music," she said, and you will come and hear me when I have become a world-famous singer.

"I don't doubt it in the least, Jeanette," the others said lovingly. They were proud of Jeanette's lovely voice and she was not a whit more confident of her future success than they were. Merle had decided to be an authoress.

"Yes, that's alright for you, Merle, you write the best themes in the class. Won't you dedicate your first book to me," said the one who had not yet spoken. "Indeed, I will Katherine. Now tell us what you are going to do."

"Well, I haven't quite made up my mind whether to go on the stage or to be a missionary to the poor heathen Chinese but"—A burst of laughter interrupted her here. "Katherine, how can you?" "Who ever heard of choosing between two such occupations?"

"Well, I mean it. I shall do one or the other. But I have a fine plan, girls. Twenty years from now let us all meet at some place and see which of us have best carried out our plans."

"The very thing." "What a good idea," came simultaneously from Merle and Jeanette. "How did you ever think of such a plan?"

A light tap was heard at the door. "Girls, you are making entirely too much noise and it is study period. Why are you out of your room, Miss Winston?" It was Miss Mitchell and poor Katherine was escorted back to her own room and duly scolded.

Spring and summer passed and September came. Katherine and Merle returned to resume their studies at the seminary, but Jeanette was missing. She was staying at home that year, but in the mean time studying and preparing herself for the life-work she had

chosen. Katherine was called home by the death of her mother in January, and did not return. Poor little Merle struggled on for a while, deserted by her two chums, but gave it up in June, and the next year old Blythesdale knew the trio no more. Time rolled on. Gradually the letters which passed between the three became less and less frequent, and finally correspondence ceased altogether.

One day, after about three years had elapsed, Katherine picked up a well-known magazine and read an article which she enjoyed very much. The name signed was Merle Reynolds.

"Well; Merle at least has started on her career. I knew she could do it."

But what had Katherine been doing with herself? She lived with her father and brother for a while until one day she was told that she was to have another mother. At once she felt that she had no home. She could not see another in her mother's place. Just at this time she was offered a position as teacher in a girls' school and received her father's consent to her accepting it. She contented herself by saying to herself that she would teach only until she could decide which the world needed most her acting or her services to the poor Chinese. In the mean time she heard never a word from Jeanette.

Quickly, so quickly that it seemed but a few short months the twenty years passed. Katherine went to the place where they had agreed to meet, and what a meeting it was. Joyful, yet sad! Not one of the three had realized that they were older until they saw each other. They were still young women but they had left their care-free girlhood far behind. There were traces of sorrow on the faces of all; Merle showed the pale face of one who continually burned the midnight oil; Katherine's face was much sharper and thinner, and there were lines about her mouth which showed that her always excitable temper was no less so than in former years. And what of Jeanette, who was to have become the world-famous singer? Neither had heard a word of her since those last days at the seminary. How had she changed! Anxiously they looked at her. As to outward appearances she was the same, happy and smiling as of old. "Tell us of yourself, Jeanette," they begged, but she pleaded with them to allow her to tell her story last, and they yielded.

Merle was all she had planned to be and more, an authoress known and respected everywhere. She had not forgotten her promise and her first book had been dedicated to her two friends.

"Bravo, Merle, you have won a laurel crown indeed," was Jeanette's hearty cry. "Now, Katherine, which of your ideals did you follow?"

A little shamefaced Katherine confessed to having followed neither. But they had both heard of her fame although she was not as widely known as Merle. She had long and ably filled the chair of science in Bradford University and had several degrees after her name. "But you see the one in front of my name is still the same," she concluded. "And now, Jeanette, dear, tell us of your struggles and triumphs."

"Well, girls, my story is short, I won no triumphs, no glory and applause, my wonderful voice amounted to nothing." She went on to tell how she had started to Germany and had studied for a short time finding much delight in her work and hoping for success when—here she tried to soften it down and pass over this part of her story, but in spite of her endeavors to conceal it, the loving listeners read in her face the story of her noble unselfishness of which she was too modest to tell. Her father had failed in business after she had been two years in Germany and the shock had killed him. The two blows had ruined her mother's intellect and she, the idolized and gifted Jeanette, had gone home and given her life to the service of a helpless idiot. Her very love could only make the burden heavier, for she saw there was no hope that her mother would ever regain her right mind.

"Jeanette, my dear, dear child, you have chosen the best path. How little our selfish glory is. You beautiful, noble girl," said Merle.

"But, Girls, let me finish my story," said Jeanette. "When my mother died I was alone. What was I to do? Finally I yielded to the persuasions of an old sweetheart of mine, and for ten years Jeanette Lee has been the happy wife of Edward Roberts, and all the world holds no dearer title for me."

PRACTICAL EVIDENCES OF A GOD.

W. RAYMOND MOODY, '09.

The question of the existence of a Supreme Being cannot be laid aside as an obsolete factor in everyday life. Through all the ages the importance of the problem, if it may thus be termed, has assumed a great prominence in our social existence and is every day emphasized by men of letters, men of high social and political standing. A perfectly unprejudiced discussion of the question would naturally emanate from the pen of a non-partisan, although a fair degree of impartiality may be shown in a compiling of certain physical, social and ethical laws and observations, that would tend to prove either the affirmative or negative of the debate. While the burden

of proof may well be laid on the affirmative, yet the preponderance of evidence obviously lies with that side of the question, for the atheist, armed with a negative religion can present no convincing argument; he does not prove, but merely gives up the problem.

Robespierre once said, "If there is no God, it behooves man to invent Him." An invention of an imaginative Deity, however, would do nothing toward the solution of the problem. The attractive image, created in the brain of a truly imaginative man, however impregnable to him it might seem, would crumble to dust before the arguments of the critic, and pass away amid the scornful jeers of the skeptic. No! What the world of today needs is a belief based on *facts;* facts dug from the depths of everyday life; observed in the ethical problems of the day; compiled from the annals of history; and presented in such a logical manner that it will stand, a bulwark against the missives of the unbeliever. The day of imaginative and theoretical beliefs has passed; the era of a demonstrative religion has come.

We need not go into a lengthy discussion of the different religious faiths prevalent among men from the dim, historic past to the present day, of Fetishisin, Confuciasism, Buddhaism, Brahmaism, Mohammedism, Christianity; or say that during the days of polytheism, the ancients believed the hand of Zeus to be directed by a more potent Power; or of the Greeks, having exhausted their skill on sculptured shafts to honor Jupiter, Venus, Minerva and the rest, raising up a monument in adoration of the *unknown* god—our God. For if we were to base our argument on the assertion that from time immemorial all classes and conditions of men have possessed a religious faith, represented in some way or another by various apostles, but ultimately reverting to a belief in a Supreme Power, the skeptic would charge us with having fallen back on the imaginative belief we had just denied. Striking out, then, the above statement, we will proceed to attack the atheistic *theory* with *facts.*

"A modern philosopher, quoted by Monsieur Bayle in his "Dissertation on the Souls of Brutes," expresses the opinion that "*Deus est anima brutorum*"—God is the soul of brutes. Who can tell what to call that seeming sagacity in animals, that directs them to such food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious. Dampier in his travels tells us that seamen who are thrown upon unknown coasts never venture upon the fruit of a tree until they observe it marked with the picking of birds."*

* (Le Compte, "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought."

In physical life, the great fact of an all powerful Creator is thus exemplified. Vapor collects in the atmosphere, is condensed into rain; falls to earth; is taken up by the sun's rays; appears again as water to nourish the harvest with its wonderful power. The leaf hastened by the winter's frost, falls to earth, decays, is covered up and soon buried; centuries afterward is dug up as coal; placed in the furnace; transformed into heat; water is boiled; steam arises; and the locomotive rushes on and on with lightning speed. Emerson, in his work "Nature," remarks, "The wind sows the seed; the sun evaporates the sea; the wind blows the vapor to the field; the ice on the other side of the planet condenses the rain on this; the rain feeds the plants; the plant feeds the animal; and thus the endless circulation of the divine charity nourishes man." The laws of the conservation of matter and energy are applied.

The law requiring for every animal a pre-natal repetition of the life of its ancestors bears active testimony to the presence of a powerful and infallible guiding Hand. The universe, bound together by some indestructible and incomprehensible force, a sustenance of the cosmos by law, stands a perpetual monument to the foresight of a Supreme Being. Who would give up this grand idea, this conception of law pervading infinite space—the same law that controls the falling of a stone, guiding the planetary orbs in their fiery courses? This is indeed the divine spheral music, inaudible but to the ear of science, accompanying the celestial dance. The great law of Evolution, the revelation of science, confessed, systematized, universalized by the greatest of naturalists, stands out pre-eminently as one of the strongest proofs of a higher knowledge, a more orderly Brain. "The same law that now controls the development of an egg, has presided over the creation of worlds. Infinite space and the universal law of gravitation; infinite time and the universal law of evolution. These two are the greatest ideas in the realm of thought. The one is universal sustentation; the other universal creation, by law. There is one law and one energy pervading all space and stretching through all time. Our religous philosophy has long ago accepted the one. A few more years and Christians will not only accept, but love and cherish the other for the noble conception it gives of Nature and of God."*

Do these laws of which we speak, exist? They most assuredly do. Did we originate them? No. Can a law be formulated by chance? From our knowledge of life, we answer, "No." Then, if not from ours, from whose foresight did they spring? Logic answers, "From some One higher." Permit a quotation from one

* (Le Compte, "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought."

of several newly discovered letters of Guiseppe Mazzini, which throws some light on his religious belief. "When I was a student I was somestimes led astray into the path of atheism; it was history and science that caused me to retrace my steps. In studying history,—not the history of individuals, but of the masses,—I perceived the action of a power, of a law, which, little by little, leads us upward and extracts good from evil. There has been no great and noble idea, that, once promulgated, did not triumph in the end, though it might traverse centuries of obstacles and persecutions; there has not been one holy aspiration, which, starting with a handful of believers, who were called fanatics, was not certain to increase the number of adherents, become sooner a later a church, and modify the dominant religion; there has been no evil enterprise, whether of ignorant barbarians or ruthless tyrants, that has not been followed by a powerful reaction of the good, by an enlargement of the sphere of civilization by the advance of liberty. Progress was therefore a law, and science showed me this even in the material universe. It was evident that a plan of education had been traced out for humanity. Our progress may be rapid or slow, according to our endeavors and according to the use we make of our freedom, but sooner or later we infallibly follow this guidance. This supreme law is an intelligent and beneficent law. We have not made it. "Therefore, some one higher has made it, and this some one is God." This is the logical conclusion of a non-partisan; a man, standing on the very verge of atheism, forced back by the overwhelming proof that confronted him, the reasonable evidence of a God. Some one asks, "Whence comes man, from nature or from God?" The answer is plain. From God through Nature. Evolution is the method of Creation. Agassiz, by establishing the three great laws of succession, reduced chaos to order and beauty. But, when asked the cause of these laws, he could only answer, and did answer, "The plans of the Creator."

Logic, contributing its forceful arguments; history, presenting its stupendous facts; and science, demanding a first cause, all unite in proclaiming the truth of our argument, the validity of the facts asserted. The galaxy of suns, rolling through boundless space, bow to the will of a great Law-giver. The lily of the meadow waves graceful obiesence to the Lord of lords; the darting swallow in its swiftest flight chirps willing assent to the presence of its Creator. Nature, yes, all the world, proclaims Him King !

This then, is the logical creed of the evolutionary religion. The universe is moving on and on in its great course, on toward a pre-conceived end, in accordance with a great plan, mapped out by a benign Creator. Not an atom is lost in the great movement;

a sparrow fallen to the earth is noted by the all-seeing Eye. "Nothing small! No lily-muffled hum of a summer bee but finds some coupling with the shining stars; no pebble at your feet but proves a sphere; no chaffinch but implies the cherubim. Earth's crammed with heaven, and every common bush afire with God." In the uniform motion of the stupendous machinery not a cog slips; suns rotate around suns, planets around planets. A wonderful symmetry characterizes the whole. "The light of the sun strikes upon all the planets and wakes into existence their myriad capacities of life and joy. It rebounds from them and shows their vast orbs all wheeling, circle beyond circle in their stupendous courses. The light speeds onward, beyond Sirius, beyond the pole-star, beyond Orion and the Pleiades, and is still spreading onward into the abysses of space. Around us and above us rise sun and system, cluster and universe, and I doubt not that in every region of this vast empire of God, hymns of praise and anthems of glory are reverberating from sun to sun and from system to system, heard by Omnipotence alone, across immensity and through eternity!"

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

C. N. BORDLEY, '11.

Bennie stood with chattering teeth and his bundle of Suns before a window of a beautifully lighted department store, gazing wistfully at the handsome toys, so temptingly displayed and so suggestive of Christmas.

"I wish Old Kris would come to see me," he said half aloud.

"All right, my little man," said a gentleman who heard the remark. "Come right in and I will see what I can do for you."

Little Bennie feeling a hand on his shoulder, and thinking that it was a policeman's, turned and started to run, but when he saw no brass buttons, he stopped and followed the man into the store, where he was given an overcoat, shoes, a hat, gloves, and all the toys and candy that he could carry home to his brothers and sisters.

Thanking the gentleman for the fourth time, he hurried out of the door; but as the pavements were covered with snow he slipped and fell, spilling his bundles in the snow.

Bennie started and looked around him for his bundles, but in place of them were his papers.

"Dog-gone it," he growled, "it was nothing but a dream after all!"

OUT OF THE SNOW.

BY LUCY GWYN BRANHAM, '11.

A big stone house stood shrouded in snow in a snow-covered yard, where snow-burdened pines and spruces made a wilderness of glistening white. This was indeed a wilderness, for the only child of the mansion, like a beautiful flower, had died when came the snows of Christmas a year ago.

As Mrs. Dorsey glanced sadly out of the window, she saw a little ragamuffin plowing his way toward the front door through the deep, soft snow.

Soon the butler came in.

"Mum, there's a little chap down stairs w'ot wants a job. I was gettin' ready to clean off the walk myself. But he's such a little tacker an' wants the job so bad," urged the man, animated by an evident union of self-interest and charity.

"Oh well, do as you like, John; there is perhaps too much snow for you alone anyway," the lady answered.

Mr. Dorsey entered; smiling tearfully.

"My dear," he said, "you should see *her* tree; for we want her to know we are always thinking of her." And he led the sorrowful mother to the room of the Christmas tree, where they sat long in half silence.

The cold, glittering sunshine reflected from the world of white at length drew the woman to the window. Her eye was caught by the boy kneeling in the snow, his little fingers fashioning a snow figure. Look! the folds of a garment! A little girl's, too! The mother's hand fluttered, tears half-blinded eyes eager to see what further the little sculptor would do. There, the kneeling lad was forming the outlines of a little arm, of a dainty throat! The image stood a fairy form in fleecy cloud-like raiment. In a minute the deft little fingers fashioned features, sadly, vividly familiar, except that where golden locks should have been, were tresses of glistening, silvery snow. The woman ran from the room, down the stairs and out into the snow, her husband dazed, following. On her knees by the figure she made as if to hold close in tender, eager arms the daughter of her dreams. Then, at her touch, the glittering dresses, the fleecy drapery, the fairy form, as if in illustration of the sad common lot, crumbled and became one with the drifted whiteness.

Turning tearfully to the frightened lad, whom her husband was questioning, the woman arose, and brought them both back through

the snow into the house. There the lad answered to eager questioning.

"My Ma," he said, "uz the only kin I had 'cept some big uns w'ot I only saw onct; an' Ma is a deader now; an' I has harder times than ever gettin' bread, for big Jim stole my blackin'-box."

"Did you ever see the little girl from this house ?"

"Oh, that uz one o' my kin, but I thought she uz a fairy. I seed her come from here in a carriage one day an' she dropped me two bits, an' I ain't never forgot her, 'cause it kept my Ma a little while longer from being a deader. I wanted ter see the little fairy again, an' I thought I would if I built her a image in her yard."

"You want to see her again," said Mr. Dorsey tenderly. "Come here then," and he led the little lad into a room half filled with a wonderful Christmas tree. Up to a life-sized portrait he led the boy.

"So there's my fairy cousin ! Ma said—"

"You poor little ragamuffin; you're my sister's child," the man sobbed, "and now," with a note of joy in his voice, "you are my own. Our own, Helen, is he not ?"

For answer the woman took unto her the boy.

BRINGING IN THE YULE-LOG.

It was Christmas eve, the scene was an old farm house in New England and the time was in the early 70's. It had long been a custom in Western Massachusetts for the farmers to set aside each year a large log called the Yule-log which was to be burned on Christmas eve in the open fire-place. And what a beautiful picture there must have been by the fire. There in silence sat the farmer and his wife, with the light from the burning Yule-log casting fantastic shadows about the room, and with pleasant memories of former Christmas eves flooding their minds. Their children at their feet watched the fire and whispered to each other while they wondered what the morrow would bring them.

The scene in the farm house of James Bascomb is very different, however. Bascomb is a middle-aged man, whose face and hands show the marks of hard toil, but whose expression is that of one whose chief aim is his own personal gain. His wife presents an altogether different character; she, too, shows plainly the marks of hard and persistent toil, but there is a world of feeling in her eyes as she looks upon their only son, a strong well-built, though not handsome young man of nineteen years who sits on the other side

of the fire-place. That look is one of anxiety and concern for John Bascomb had for some time been finding fault with his lot and had not worked with his former good grace; he felt that his father was too harsh with him. He had never been allowed the liberties that other boys of his age had enjoyed. He had been obliged to content himself with the roughest of home-spun clothes and had never had any money that he might really call his own.

He had often confided his troubles to his mother and she had sympathized with him and helped him in every way possible.

On this day James Bascomb had been particularly harsh to his son and had lectured the boy severely for neglecting a very slight duty. John had said nothing but he had been deeply affected and his mind was full of rebellious thoughts as he gazed moodily into the fire-light. His father had not spoken to him since supper and it was now eight o'clock.

As the clock on the mantle proclaimed the hour the father said to his son, "John bring in the Yule-log."

The young man, casting a strange look at his mother, who sat busy with her knitting and did not look up, rose without a word and stepped silently out as though to do his father's bidding. After waiting for sometime for the boy's return, the mother became alarmed and went to the door, but saw nothing of John. Then both the father and mother called him, but he did not come. In his room a note was found on the table addressed to his mother telling her that he had gone to seek his fortune and might never return. The father was inclined to think that the boy would soon get enough of shifting for himself and return. His mother, however, took a different view, for she understood her son much better than did her husband. And it was proved that she thought aright, for weeks and months and years of anxiety for both father and mother, passed without any news from their son.

On that unhappy Christmas eve John tramped fifteen miles to Springfield where he took the mid-night freight for Hartford, where after much preserverance he obtained work at very small wages. In six months, however, he saved enough money to take him down to the lumber districts of North Carolina. John had heard that there was a chance for a young man of grit and determination. He secured work in a large mill without much difficulty; mill hands were hard to get at that time and the overseers were glad to get a white man who was willing to work. He soon proved himself a valuable man, and in six years saved enough money to buy an interest in the mill; to the managership then was an easy step. The mill business prospered, and John became one of the wealthiest lumbermen in the State.

It was Christmas eve ten years after John's departure. The Bascombs who sat by the fire-place this Christmas eve had become reconciled in some degree to the loss of their son. They had been drawn closer together and James was not his former self. He no longer thought only of personal gain, but looked after the comfort of his wife and thought of his friends and neighbors. The lines of his face were deeper but gentler and his eyes and his whole bearing showed the remorse that he had suffered since the disappearance of his son. The mother had aged much more than the father. Her hair was silvered and the sad eyes and tired face told of the years of sorrow. Neither the husband nor the wife spoke, for each knew the other's thoughts. The chair on the opposite side of the hearth was empty.

Mrs. Bascomb sat knitting while tears dimmed her eyes. As the clock struck eight she raised her head and said, "James, it is time to bring in the Yule-log." He arose without speaking and started to the door. He had taken only a step toward it when it was thrown wide and a well-dressed and prosperous looking young man stepped across the threshold. On his shoulder he carried a huge log, and as he stepped in he said, "Father, I have brought in the Yule-log at last."

The old man grasped his hand and murmured with deep feelfeeling, "At last, my son, at last."

The mother threw herself into her boy's arms and tears of joy flowed unchecked down her cheeks.

ADIEU.

W. RAYMOND MOODY, '09.

Adieu, bright sun and westward light.
Yon shepherd's bell, the creeping night
Bids welcome. Darkness brings its store.
Farewell—perhaps to meet no more.

Farewell, bright hours so idly spent;
I spurned the Heaven-born message sent
And linger here with bursting sigh.
Farewell—the golden days go by.

Adieu, fair day, thou hast not lent
A solace. Yet within my tent
I linger; see with aching sigh
The lately spurned occasion die.

If God there be, let God then make
A balm; a loftier vengeance take.
Give me the dawn; girdled and shod,
Bid me to conquer man and clod.

THE STORY OF A COED. GRADUATE.

BY S. E. C., '09, N.

As I was hurrying up the steps of a summer hotel, I noticed in one corner of the piazza an old woman reclining in an easy chair, her feet on a stool. At a glance I saw something familiar in her face, but being in a hurry to greet my old chum Penelope, I hastened to her room without taking time to look carefully at the woman in the big chair. However, when soon my friend and I went to luncheon, Penelope gave me a chair opposite the old lady; I could not resist looking at her then. Although age had caused a slight droop in her thin shoulders, she was tall, and her hair gray except for a few dark strands, framed a delicate face gently pathetic in its expression of sadness. The expression was not any I had before seen; it was the facial lines that were familiar. And in the dim far-off time where I had seen just such delicate hands and trim neatness of apparel? But what could be the cause of that heart-touching expression! She carried in her face an infinitely sad story.

When Penelope and I retired to the porch sitting-room for a chat, we had much to tell, for we had not seen each other since the day we were graduates from Westchester College, fifteen years ago. Scarcely had I seated myself when the old lady again found comfort in her chair, on the porch, opposite the window where I was sitting.

Penelope and I chatted and chatted, but often my eyes would wander to the sad haunting face. After a while, not being able longer to control my curiosity, I turned to my chum. "Before you finish your story," I commanded, "tell me who is that lady who looks so pitiful and seems to be always in deep thought? I cannot help watching her."

Penelope looked not surprised. "Well, Ann, don't you know her?" she asked. "That is Nell Roberts, our old classmate. I was waiting to see if you would recognize her."

"Nell Roberts!" I exclaimed. "That cannot be she! Nell Roberts! the life of our class—the girl who was always so young-looking and gay! Penlope, you must be joking."

"No, I am not joking," calmly answered my chum. "She is Nell Roberts the—"

Not waiting to hear my chum's full reply, I sprang through the low window to the easy chair and threw my arms around my old college-mate.

"Nell! Nell!" I cried, "is this you? You remember me, don't you? You have not forgotten Ann, Ann Lawson, your old class-mate?"

The sad eyes gazed at me for a moment, and then softly the answer came:

"Yes, Ann, I remember you now. These long and weary fif teen years have made but little change in you."

"But, Nell, why are you so sad and changed?" I quickly asked.

"Sit down," she whispered, "and I shall tell you." For a minute she gazed on the beautiful river in front of the hotel and then slowly her eyes turned and rested on me. "Ann," she began, "my story is a sad one. You remember the last year at college, how the girls talked much of Forrest Henry and me. Forrest, the boy who led in everything, in mischief as well as in the winning of honors, and who had a heart as true as any could be? You have not forgotten how you used to tease me about him? The girls said that we had a case, but I would own to nothing. I did love him, Ann, and he loved me. I loved him from the very beginning."

Nell's eyes grew misty, and she again gazed on the calm, bright water.

"After I was graduated," she continued, "I went South to teach; Forrest North to become teller in a bank. We wrote often, and how eagerly would I look for his letters! At last he started South for me. I had never been so happy; like Portia, I was fearful of too great ecstasy; the beautiful southland burst into a new bloom of brightness with the news of his coming. Then fast came other news—of a wreck—of his poor body carried back to the North. Oh! Ann, Ann—"

"Nell," I cried, my own heart breaking, how you must have suffered."

For a while she did not speak. At length she breathed between the sobs:

"Yes, I have suffered, Ann, but I agree with the one who said: 'It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.'"

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JOHN R. BRITTINGHAM, Alumni.
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IN AN EDITORIAL WAY.

The Christmas holidays, which many of us, who found it inconvenient to go home for Thanksgiving, have been articipating with so much pleasure, are not far distant. We sympathize with the new students especially, for we once stood in their places and know from experience that the days cannot go too fast from now until the twenty-third of December, the day on which we all go home May each and all of us enjoy the holidays to the fullest extent and come back after a temporary respite from study with the resolution to work more cheerfully and with better grace than ever before.

The frontispiece of this issue is a cut of the original college building, the corner stone of which was laid by Governor Wm. Paca, May 15th, 1782. This structure was at that time the most imposing and best equipped of its kind in the State. This building was destroyed by fire in 1827. Traces of the solid masonry are still to be found buried under the terraces upon which the present college dormitories are built.

We are glad to note that the glee club is ogranizing for this year and sincerely hope it will continue to flourish as it has done in the past. The glee club has placed in the library of the col-

lege several handsomely bound volumes of standard works and also several novels. The athletic association also received no inconsiderable aid from this organization. We sincerely hope that everyone who can help the glee club will not hesitate to offer his services.

The staff is once more compelled to refer to that old complaint "lack of material." The Collegian is the student's paper in every sense and the staff are chosen simply to carry out the work for the students. They are the ones to whom the success or failure of the paper is due, but remember that the college publication, whether monthly or annual, reflects upon the college. No doubt some of the students may be a little modest and are afraid of the criticisms of their fellow-students. There should no longer be any hesitation along this line, however, for the greatest of men have been bitterly criticised and all of us are sure to be criticised no matter what may be our life work. Those who are never criticised never amount to much in the world. If every student will convince himself that it is his duty to contribute to the support of the paper we are sure that it will be a grand success not only this year, but so long as this institution shall continue to exist.

The Collegian wishes to take this opportunity to thank the Alumni and friends of the college for the interest which they are taking in the athletics of old Washington. The banquet which was given by them in honor of the 1908 football team, reference to which is made in another column of this paper, was the first of its kind held at this institution. It was a grand success in every way, and we feel that it should become an established custom. It is a means of drawing the Alumni into closer and more intimate relations with the students. It fosters college spirit and inspires both students and Alumni to do all in their power for Washington, both along athletic and educational lines. The Alumni expressed themselves at the banquet as putting forth their best efforts toward winning success for the college and that all they ask is that the students do their part. We feel safe in saying that the students will do their part, for they now have that spirit which will cause them to persevere to the end. Washington will not only win, but will do so in a fair and sportsmanlike manner. With such spirit as that which is now springing up in the minds and hearts of all the students of Washington and with the hearty co-operation of the Alumni we predict that in the near future the name of Washington will be known not only throughout the State, but throughout the Union.

SOCIAL NOTES.

EDITED BY LUCY GWYN BRANHAM, '11.

Dr. Gault attended the meeting of the High School Teachers' Association in Baltimore this month.

Mr. O. B. White spent a week at college with his brother this month.

Miss Bessie Brice, one of last year's students, visited the college during the past month.

Mrs. Stoops spent several days with her daughter at Normal Hall.

Dr. W. F. Hines, a member of the Board of Governors and Visitors, has sold his house in Chestertown and moved to Baltimore. His daughter, Miss Mary Hines, visited in Chestertown for a few days and attended the college hop.

Several of the students remained at college for Thanksgiving, and as the townspeople were so kind the holidays were very much enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eliason gave a moving picture party to the Normal Hall girls Thanksgiving night, and several accepted invitations to dinner.

The expressman left several boxes on each side of the campus. The girls received as usual on Friday evening. As Saturday was the last day of "solitude," every one took advantage of it, for some even played tennis.

The Mt. Vernon Literary Society held their sixty-first open meeting December the fifth, and the following programme was carried out:

PROGRAMME:

Address of Welcome

President - - - - Moody

Declamation

Langsdale - - - - - - - Wheatley

Impromptu

Warren

Music (extra)

Solo - - - Dreams - Anton S. Strelezki
Mr. Thomas W. Perkins

Solo - - - Life's Lullaby - Gerald Lane
Mr. James H. Shuster

Debate

Resolved, That the flatterer is more dangerous to society than is the slanderer.

Affirmative	Negative
Gibson	Eliason
Johnson, B. A.	Ryan

After the judges, Dr. Cain, Mr. Mackey and Miss Townsend had rendered their decision, which was two to one in favor of the affirmative, the guests adjourned to Mt. Vernon Hall, which was decorated appropriately in the cclors of the three Literary Societies; here, individual ices and cakes were served.

The first college hop of the scholastic year took place in the gymnasium on Friday evening, Dec. 11th. Although the evening was stormy the gymnasium was comfortably crowded and the dance was thoroughly enjoyed by all those who attended. The gymnasium was beautifully decorated with flags, pennants, bunting and masses of evergreen. The music consisted of three pieces, the violin, piano and cornet. Those on the reception committee were Mrs. James W. Cain and Mr. A. D. Mackey, chairman of the students arrangament committee. Among the Alumni and former student's present were Misses Mary Hines, Anna Smith, Emma France and Louisa Urie; Messrs. Harrison W. Vickers, Jr., Thomas Perkins, Eben Perkins, Thomas Massey and O. B. White. This was the first of a series of three dances to be given by the students during the present collegiate year. The second will be given immediately after the mid-winter examinations and the third immediately after the Easter holidays.

ALUMNI NOTES.

EDITED BY JOHN R. BRITTINGHAM, '07.

Mr. Lewin Hepburn Usilton, '06, who has been taking an engineering course at Cornell, now has a position in Baltimore.

Miss Mabel Beulah Ryder, '08, is instructor in science in the McDonough school for girls at La Plata, Md.

Mr. Eldridge Eliason is practising medicine in Phiadelphia, and his brother, Mr. John Eliason, is practising law in the same city. Both were former students of the college.

Mr. Blakiston Wroth, '08, has been substituting for Miss Mary

Brown at Cliff City school.

Miss Grace Whaland, '98, N. who has been ill in Montana for some time is now improving.

Mr. Thomas Kendall, '06, is principal of Churchill school.

Miss Mary R. Clarke, '07, N. is teaching school in Queen Anne county.

Mr. Chas. Bailey Morris, '07, is teaching in the High School at Princess Anne, Md.

Miss Rose Hyder Duyer, '07, N. and Miss Mary B. Hadaway, '08, N. are teaching in Kent county.

Mr. S. Walter Sparks, '98, N. is principal of one of the leading Preparatory Schools in the city of Baltimore.

Mr. Henry Wilson, '08, who was assistant coach in football this season, visited college this month. He is now in business at Cambridge, Md.

BANQUET IN HONOR OF 1908 FOOTBALL TEAM.—On Saturday evening, December 12, a banquet was given in honor of the football team of 1809 by the Alumni and friends of Washington. At eight o'clock the guests seated themselves at the tables in the West Hall dining-room, which were beautifully decorated with evergreens and candelebra, and at each plate was placed a tiny football tied with maroon and black ribbon. The walls of the dining-room were decorated with college flags, pennants and footballs.

MENU.

Oyster Coctails		Oysterettes
Sweet Pickles		Salted Almonds
Celery	Turkey	Potato Croquette
	Cranberry Sauce	
Chicken Salad		Hot Rolls
Ice Cream		Assorted Cakes
	Coffee	
	Punch	

After dinner came the toasts, Mr. Curtis Crane of Chestertown acting as Toastmaster. The toasts were as follows:

Spirit in College Athletics. Prof. M. J. Thompson, Coach.

The Season of 1908. Charles H. Gibson, Captain of 1908 Team.

The Management of 1908 Team. F. M. Sylvester, Manager of 1908 Team.

The Faculty. Dr. James W. Cain, President.

The Athletic Committee of the Board of Visitors and Governors. Mr. Lewin Wickes, Chairman of Committee.

The Athletic Committee of the College. Prof. Edward J.

Clarke, Chairman of Committee.

The Athletic Association. E. G. Breeding, President of Athletic Association.

The Season of 1909. James C. Turner, Jr., Captain of 1909 Team.

The Schedule for 1909. J. Leo Brown, Manager of 1909 Team.

The Alumni. Mr. John D. Urie, President of the Alumni Association.

The Second Team. Ruskin B. Warren, Capt. of the 1908 Second Team.

Toasts were also responded to by Dr. Gault, Mr. Marion DeKalb Smith and Mr. Thomas Perkins.

The banquet was appropriately closed by giving the college yell of Rackety-Acks, lead by E. G. Breeding, leader of the 1908 rooting gang.

Those present among the Alumni and friends of Washington were Messrs. Curtis Crane, Lewin Wickes, John D. Urie, Marion DeKalb Smith, Eben Perkins, Thos. Perkins, Harrison W. Vickers, Jr., Dr. H. G. Simpers, Thom. D. Bowers, T. D. France, Wm. Usilton, J. E. Ferguson and Robert Huey.

The members of the faculty present were Dr. Jas. W. Cain, Prof. Edw. J. Clarke, Prof. Joseph E. Seronde, Prof. Allan S. Neilson and Prof. M. J. Thompson.

The members of the football squad and other students present were Messrs. E. G. Breeding, J. L. Brown, Joseph Buckley, K. J. Bunting, J. M. Cain, W. U. Cross, E. C. Crouch, J. E. Ciminera, G. C. Coulbourn, B. T. Durding, Chas. H. Gibson, E. H. Garey, R. E. Greenley, John Hayes; J .W. Johns, J. P. Johnson, Leon Jones, W. W. Jump, U. R. Kelley, J. P. Knotts, H. W. Krantz, F. E. Maddox, H. R. Meredith, John Meegan,C. H. Metcalfe, Newton Morton, James Noonan, A. H. Porter, F. S. Porter, E. W. Pruitt, C. M. Stauffer, F. B. Sylvester, Jas. C. Turner, M. C. Voss, R. B. Warren and Pinkney White.

The banquet, which was the first of its kind ever held at this institution, was a great success, and it marks the beginning of better times for Washington athletics. The interest which the Alumni and friends of the college have taken in our foot ball successes during the past season augurs well for the future, and is highly appreciated by the students.

The Alumni Editor would be glad to hear from any of the Alumni telling him what they themselves are doing as well as any others about whom they may know. His address is Leemont, Va.

RELIGIOUS.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

EDITED BY LYDIA JONES, '09 N.

A Short Review of Last Month's Work.

The first meeting November 4 was led by Miss Townsend, her topic being "Not to minister unto but to minister," a missionary topic. Nearly every girl in the hall was present. The talk was very interesting. as we were given such a clear description of what our Y. W. C. A. workers are doing in the tenement districts of the large cities. The meeting was brought to a close by silent prayer, at the end of which the choir sweetly sang "Softly Now the Light of Day."

November 11. Leader, Miss Sparks.

Topic—Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.

November 18. Leader, Miss Gale.

Topic—Thanksgiving.

December 1. Leader, Miss Stoops.

Topic—Is it worth while to study my Bible ?

All of these meetings were well attended and the talks given were good. The last meeting was an open meeting, that is, each member was requested to answer the question "Is it worth while to read my Bible?" and give her reasons for thinking as she did.

Beginning on the evening of November 8, our association observed the week of prayer, which is set apart for the different associations all over the world at this time. The meetings were held in the president's room and were well attended. All took part and helped make the meetings a benefit to all.

We have subscribed to the "Sabbath Reading," a little paper which comes once a week, and which we all enjoy reading.

ATHLETICS.

EDITED BY JAS. W. JOHNS, '09.

October 31st, 1908, Washington lost to Delaware on the latter's grounds by the score of 12–0. The two teams were very evenly matched, and the first half was a fierce struggle for mastery, Delaware scoring one touchdown. In the second half the home team having the advantage of the wind, scored a touchdown in the first four minutes of play, but after this neither team was able to make consistent gains. Line-up :

WASHINGTON,		DELAWARE.
Hayes	Left End	Rothrock, Cann
Gibson (Capt.)	Left Tackle	Todd
Jones	Left Guard	Donohue
Johnson	Center	Papperman (Capt.)
Porter, S	Right Guard	Doane
Maddox	Right Tackle	Edwards
Crouch	Right End	Cann, Kidd
Meegan	Quarterback	Josephs, Greenwood
Turner	Right Halfback	Adkins
Porter, A	Left Halfback	Stewart
Noonan	Fullback	Haley

Touchdowns—Haley, Edwards. Goals—Haley (2). Referee—Lukes, Brown. Umpire—Wingett. Field judge—Wright. Head linesman—McGanery. Time of halves, 25 and 20 minutes.

November 7th, 1908, Washington lost to St. John's by the score of 34–16. The game was bitterly contested, although not shown by the score. In the first half Washington carried the ball to St. John's seven yard line, but lost it on downs. St. John's punted and recovered the ball, and on a forward pass to McAlpine scored the first touchdown, and followed this up by scoring two more on flukes.

In the second half Washington by line plunging and two forward passes to Turner scored two touchdowns, the third being made by Voss blocking a punt and falling on the ball behind the goal line.

St. John's scored twice in this half and Bosley made a place kick from the 25 yard line.

Ruhl and McAlpine played nearly the whole game for St. John's, while Hayes, Johnson and Voss played a strong game for Washington. The line-up:

W. C.		ST. JOHN'S.
Hayes	Left End	Butler, Johnson
Gibson	Left Tackle	Jones
Voss	Left Guard	Hudson
Johnson	Centre	Owen, Blades
Porter, S	Right Guard	Wilson
Maddox	Right Tackle	Hauver
Crouch	Right End	McAlpine
Meegan	Quarterback	Bosley
Porter, A.	Right Halfback	Warfield
Turner (Cross)	Left Halfback	Ruhl
(Noonan) Turner	Fullback	Groves

Referee—Vickers. Umpire—Goodrich. Time of halves, 25 and 20 minutes.

Washington defeated the strong Gallaudet eleven on the latter's grounds on Nov. 14, 1908, by the score of 10–0. The following account was taken from the Washington Herald.

The Washington College football team of Chestertown, Md., defeated the heavy Gallaudet eleven at Kendall Green by the score of 10 to 0, in a game replete with trick plays and sensational tackling.

The visitors had the best of the Mutes from the very beginning of the game, and but for the slippery condition of the ball, caused by the constant downpour of rain, they would likely have rolled up a larger score.

Washington College presented one of the best little teams that has ever invaded this city. They were coached this year by Mike Thompson, the famous referee, and the team that he has turned out would do credit to a much larger college.

O'Donnell and Hower played the best games for Gallaudet O'Donnell made a couple of long runs for big gains, and also did some sensational tackling, several times preventing the opposing team from scoring. Hower did his best work as a tackler, and more than once he prevented a member of the opposing team from making big gains.

Gibson, the regular captain of the Washington College eleven was out of the game on account of injuries, but A. Porter, who took his place, played the best game of the day. His long end runs had the Mutes baffled. On one of these he went 80 yards for a touchdown.

Another member of the visiting team that deserves credit for his good work was Noonan, who made a number of fine tackles, and also went through the line for big gains. Meegan's work at quarter back was also commendable.

The Washington College team had the forward pass down pat. They tried this difficult play eleven times, and succeeded in working it ten times.

The Mutes played their best game near the close of the second half, when the visitors came near crossing their goal line. They managed to get to the 1-yard line, but were held for downs by the plucky mutes.

The line-up and summary follow:

WASHINGTON COLLEGE.	Positions.	GALLAUDET.
Hayes	Left End	Hower
Voss	Left Tackle	Gardner
Greenlee	Left Guard	Talbot
Johnson	Center	Bell
S. Porter	Right Guard	Caldwell

Maddox	Right Tackle	Isaacson
Crouch	Right End	Mosey
Megan	Quarter Back	O'Donnell
A. Porter	Left Half Back	Thiderbean
Turner	Right Half Back	Bailey
Noonan	Full Back	Birk

Time of halves—25 and 20 minutes. Referee—Mr. Rieter. Umpire—Mr. Vickers.

On Saturday, November 21, 1908, Washington defeated the Maryland Agricultural eleven at College Park by the score of 11–0.

The game was rather one-sided and this took away much of the interest that is usually displayed, and was marred by the numerous injuries to the home team.

Washington scored once in each half, and also crossed M. A. C.'s line twice more in the second, but the Referee, Mr. Byrd, declared one illegal and that the other did not cross the line, Messrs. Vickers and Byrd having exchanged for the second half.

The punting of Porter and the success of the forward pass which was worked successfully eight times out of ten by W. C., were the features of the game.

W. C.		M. A. C
Hayes	Left End	Tauskey
Voss	Left Tackle	Hicks, Andrews
Jones	Left Guard	Hoen
Johnson	Centre	Ward
Porter, S.	Right Guard	White
Maddox	Right Tackle	Sylvester
Crouch	Right End	Cory
Meegan	Quarterback	Crabster
Turner	Right Halfback	Bauer
Porter, A.	Left Halfback	Grason, Strong
Noonan	Fullback	Shannel, Andrews

Referee—Vickers. Umpire—Byrd.

HUMOROUS.

EDITED BY R. EARLE GREENLEE, '10.

First Prep.—"When is a Normal Hall girl like a mirror?"
Second Prep.—"When she is a good looking g(lass)."

It is reported that the Junior Class will on Feb. 30, 1909, discard the multiplication table from its service since it has no legs.

Prof. Jones.—"Mr. Voss, what is the centre of gravity?"
Voss.—"The letter V."

Prof. Clarke.—"Mr. Sasscer, will you please give me a little of your attention?"
Sasscer.—"Why, I am giving you as little as possible."

Maddox.—"Dr. Hall, there must be something the matter with this H Cl it won't participate lead."

Sylvester.—"What was done in the society besides the literary programme?"
Holt.—"We disgusted lots of new buiness."

Prof. Neilson (discussing one of Shakespeare's plays).—"Mr. Cross, what can you say of the catastrophe of this play?"
Cross.—"Why he was the leading character of the play and made a hero of himself and ——"
Prof. Neilson.—"Very good, Mr. Cross."

Groff.—"Kelly, what is your favorite bird?"
Kelly.—"The Crane."

If the Preps. only had a pacifier to quiet Meredith with when the lights go out.

Ryan.—"I hear you had some money left you."
Cim.—"Yes, it left me long ago."

Krantz.—"Please pass the congratulated sugar."

Connely.—"Say, boys on what day does Christmas come?"

Cain.—"Why do they call you a star foot ball player?"
Crouch.—"Because I see so many stars."

Dr. Hall.—"How can you tell a fish?"
Class.—"By its scales."
Russell.—"Well, Dr. Hall, Mr. Bacchus (the merchant) has scales, he's a fish isn't he?"

Coulbourn.—"Chink, why didn't you go to church to-day?"
Chink.—"Because the weather was too indeclinable."

Meegan.—"Brown, are you going to Yale when you graduate here?"
Brown.—"Yes, I think I shall."
Meegan.—"What kind of a course will you take?"
Brown.—"A higher course in dressmaking."

EXCHANGES.

EDITED BY E. G. BREEDING, '09.

The November Exchanges received by the Collegian are on the whole, of a high literary character, and it is a rare privilege to read some of the articles contributed by students at various colleges and universities.

We wish to call attention to "After Commencement—What then?" and "My Lady's Locket" in the Southern Collegian. In the first we find that Mr. Iden again displays his literary talent and but few writers are able to hold the reader's attention so closely as this author does. The second one is a comedy in three acts, which shows the condition of life, and the customs during the Colonial Period.

We were glad to welcome the Phoenix in our midst again. "A Cruise in Norway waters and to Spilztergen" is a well written, and a very interesting article.

The Agnetian Monthly is surely up to the high standand at which it always aims. The young ladies who edit this monthly paper deserve much credit for their successful efforts. "A Jack-O'Lantern Party" is truly a well written and an interesting bit of fiction. We are especially glad to note that the lower classes are taking such an interest in writing for this paper.

In the Western Maryland College Monthly we find some good orations and essays, but some of the writers seem to think that English is not good enough to express their thoughts and make an attempt at Latin.

The Chronicle for November is worthy of mention, and contains some good stories.

The St. John's Collegian will bear improvement for it is below the standard which it usually attains.

The following is the list of November Exchanges received: the Southern Collegian, the Phoenix, the Agnetian Monthly, the Cadet, the Western Maryland College Monthly, the Chronicle, the St. John's Collegian, and the Maryland Agricultural Bulletin.

CALENDAR.

1908

September 16, Wednesday.....Opening of the college
September 16-19.....Entrance examinations
October 14, Wednesday. Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
November 26, Thursday.....Thanksgiving Recess begins
November 29, Sunday.....Thanksgiving Recess ends
December 22, Tuesday.....Delivery of the Senior Orations
December 23, Wednesday.....Christmas Recess begins

1909

January 5, Tuesday.....Christmas Recess ends
January 13, Wednesday Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
February 3, Wednesday.....Opening of the Spring Term
February 22, Monday.....Washington's Birthday, a holiday
Annual Banquet of the Mt. Vernon Literary Society
March 31, Wednesday.....Observance of Maryland Day
April 6, Tuesday.....Delivery of the Senior Orations
April 7, Wednesday.....Easter Recess begins
April 13, Tuesday.....Easter Recess ends
April 14, Wednesday.....Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
April 30, Friday..Annual Contest of the Intercollegiate Oritorical Association.
May 7, Friday.....Reception by the Adelphia Literary Society
June 2, Wednesday.....Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
June 11, Friday.....Anniversary of the Adelphia Literary Society
June 12, Saturday.....Anniversary of the Pieria Literary Society
June 13, Sunday.....Baccalaureate Sermon
Sermon to the Christian Associations
June 14, Monday.....Senior Normal Class Day
Anniversary of the Mt. Vernon Literary Society
June 15, Tuesday.....Declamation Contest
Alumni Meeting and Banquet
June 19, Wednesday.....Commencement

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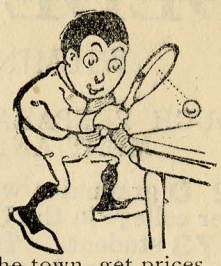

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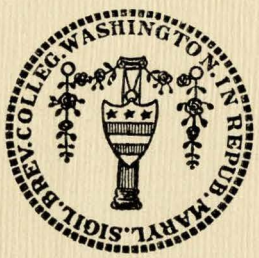
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VOLUME VI. NUMBER 4.

THE WASHINGTON COLLEGIAN.

JANUARY

1909

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THE CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE.

W. RAYMOD MOODY, '09.

There is a time in the history of every nation when it behooves the citizen to look back over the long-trodden paths of civilization, to take a retrospect of the vast panorama of the ages and while the image is yet clear, to peer into the future, perhaps to catch a glimpse of some unknown destiny.

This is an age of revolution. Never before in history has such a spirit of progress so laid hold of man. Old forms have been supplanted by new ideas; ancient moral codes have fallen at the touch of a modern culture; primeval implements of hand and brain have been recreated by a new genius; the costly products of ancient and mediaeveal thought are rewoven into a fabric more unique. Art, science, literature, politics, industry, religion, every phase of human culture is being remodeled by a race peculiar in possibility and power. The air no longer claims its sovereignty and the bird, reduced to mechanism, soars the dizzy heights. Time and space have been annihilated. New worlds open to man's vision and beckon him to his own.

We have reached a great historic centre, around which swing the oceans of time. Man gazes across the deep and contemplates his work, stout vessels, products of earlier intellect and endeavor, still sail the high seas of thought, while the shores are strewn with the flotsam and jetsam of melancholy wrecks. He turns and beheld, a new sea of conquest stretches before him. From this vantage point he sees, pauses, and gathers strength for a mightier struggle. But as we weigh in the balance the relative values of past and present and compare the old and the new, we find ourselves standing upon the brink of a new era; the future veils itself and all beyond is one vast mystery.

Around us and behind us the ponderous ages roll their wealth of knowledge. Scholars and statesmen, orators and poets, bring forth their lore, but with this stupendous background of the centuries we know nothing of the destiny of society. But in this age the vast possibilities of the race open up a new hope. As great as has been the past, so much greater may we expect to be the future, for man by slow processes has built upon the ruin heaps of

antiquity the foundations of a greater edifice of thought. For greater than all the works of artifice is the mind that conceived them—in fact, the mind of man is greater than the universe, for therein lies it all. In all history, what man's mind has been, that has been the world. "There is not a sentiment of human mind, but is executed somewhere in a gigantic fact." What may brain not conceive? The earth is too narrow an habitation. Worlds, suns, systems upon systems, yea, all eternity, await his coming. You who would be all-seeing, explore first the life of man and marvel. Its moral phase consists of changing doubt and hope. Thrice blessed is he who never knows the former, but infinitely more so he who conquers it. In this gloomy cavern of the earthly pilgrimage we behold the journeyman in his aimless rambling, shut out from Hope, gazing not into the glowing firmament, but 'round about him vaguely into pits of Stygian darkness, lost from all tidings of brighter things. Doubt grows to Unbelief and there is no guiding light. Certainly Faith is needed in this dark hour—Faith with which martyrs suffer and without which men eke out a worthless existence.

Unhappy man, well may he exclaim, "Is there no God? At best an absentee God, sitting apart since the creation of the world and seeing it go! What is Duty? A mere parcel of sensuous man—a concoction of desire and feeling, made for you who would make the Creator himself a machine? What, would you grind me out Virtue from the husks of Pleasure?" Thus stands the wanderer, shouting question after question into the oracle of destiny and receiving nothing but an echo.

This is the period of the everlasting No! Men of all times have dwelt therein. The ancients reached it and halted. Today such a man is the exception. To say the life of a cynic is desirable would be a paradox, but preach not that men cannot live thus and be of service, for Diogenes was never more of an apostle of goodness than when he doubted God. Virtue consists not in profession, for manifold more sincere is such a character as the sceptic than he who lives under the cloak of religion, while to whom money is Deity and ambition God. Doubt, invincible and mysterious, confronting the wanderer on the very verge of his journey, follows him through the period of denial, the negative epoch of his understanding, battling for the possession of his Faith, even to the very gates of his citadel, and on the great fulcrum of his thought and action, the turntable of his existence, meets him. The time of reckoning finds its place in the life of the nation and of the individual. Greece saw it and the statues of Zeus and Aphrodite

trembled at the words of the Apostle. Rome met it and the Dome of St. Peter's rose from the ashes of Paganism. The eagles of France soaring aloft in the upper current of Rationalism drew purer breath at the touch of a more ennobling influence. Few are the men who escape it. Shelly wavered for a life time along this neutral line and the great Gœthe threw upon the canvas of literature his inner nature and in the immortal Faust portrayed his life.

The time approaches when the pilgrim, not only as a member of society, but as the most circumspect individual,must take account of the past and future. The transition from old to new is necessarily accompanied with pain. The eagle, before attaining a new beak, is sickly, moults, and must dash off the old one upon the rocks. The man has reached the crisis in his spiritual existence. Here must be determined the end and aim of his life, here in this great Centre of Indifference.

He seems as if asleep, a mist of varied deeds enshrouds him. Conflicting hopes and fears battle before him. A spirit speaks—"Why stay ye here—up man to your work. Heed not the call of empires—know thyself and all will follow—let art and science pace their mighty steps—they are the great effects, you the cause." 'He that ruleth himself is greater than he that taketh a city;' one soul is greater than all else. Would you be Prince, then conquer first thyself, and worlds are thine. A rush of fire sweeps over his soul. The wild tumult of Discontent rages itself out, the long-deafening howl is silent. The deep-laden dreams of Fear and Despair fade gradually away. Annihilation of Self, the first moral act is done.

He awakes to a Heaven and a new earth, the everlasting Yea. For He who flings upon the vaulted curtain of eternity his immortal promise and paints upon the petals of the dying rose the sweet assurance of another Springtime, will not fail his own. And so—"The best of life is yet to be, the last of life, from which the first is made." Our times are in his hands who saith, "A whole life I planned, youth shows but half." Trust God, see all, nor be afraid.

A FRESHMAN TRAITOR.

WM. FRAZIER RUSSELL, JR., '12.

"Phil, what are you going to do, tonight?" asked Herbert Wilkinson in an unusually friendly tone.

This question was asked by a tall, slender, narrow-faced fellow who had run unsuccessfully for the class presidency; he was finely dressed in blue serge and wore beautiful patent leather shoes; all he wore was of scrupulously fashionable model. On the contrary, Phil, of whom the question was asked, was a poor boy, only neatly attired; but he had the open manly face characteristic of an honest boy. The young men were seated in the library at Fairfax University, Phil looking over a book, preparing for a debate, while Herbert sat reading a daily newspaper.

Phil, looking up from his book in response to Wilkinson's question, replied, "I don't know, Herbert. It is Friday and I haven't any lessons to prepare. I might perhaps help father in the store."

"Can't you come up to White Palace Hall about eight o'clock? The freshmen are going to entertain the sophs," pleaded Herbert. "We're going to give them a surprise."

"I will be glad to come if that's the case. But it's queer that this is the first I have heard of it. Did Sparks, the president, call a meeting?"

"No, I should say not. His father is sick and he had to go home. Jones, the vice-president, as you know, wont do anything, and so we just had to ask the boys what they thought of it. Sparks said just before he left, that it would be a good thing provided we didn't spend too much for refreshmets, etc."

"Oh, well, if it suits the others, I reckon I'll have to slip up. But when did all this get around, and what time did Sparks leave?" queried Phil.

"Why, I mentioned it at the dinner table to Sparks," said Herbert, "and of course the rest heard it. Sparks at first was a little undecided and said he would call a meeting. Just before he rose from dinner the message about his father's illness came. He left at two o'clock and told me at the station it would be all right."

"All right, you may expect me," said Phil, rising from the table and placing his book on the shelf.

On his way home, Phil puzzled greatly over the statement made by Herbert, and as he knew that Wilkinson had told many queer tales before this he doubted much.

"I'll go and see what he wants with me anyway," said Phil to himself.

When the clock was striking eight, Phil found himself making his way toward the college. As he was ascending the steps of White Palace Hall he heard his name called. Looking up, he saw Wilkinson leaning out of a third story window.

"Hello, Herbert," called Phil. You see I am as good as my word."

"So I see," responded Herbert. "Come up to Fisher's room; I'll be there in a minute."

After climbing two flights of steps Phil walked down the corridor and rapped at door 83.

"Come in," yelled two or three in unison.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Phil, opening the door. "What's all this entertainment about?"

"That's just what we've been talking about," said Fisher. "Wilkinson seems to be the instigator of the whole affair. He came to me this afternoon and asked me how much we had in the treasury for the thing. I told him twenty some——"

"Hello, there's a rap," said Fisher. "Come in."

Herbert Wilkinson appeared, with a broad smile on his little drawn up face.

"Gentlemen," said Herbert, "it seems as though all of you have been much puzzled over the entertainment we were going to give the sophomores. Well, I hardly blame you; I must say it *was* a little queer, but you mustn't mind such a small matter as that. I got it confused myself and told you the opposite. Now, I will get it straight, and say that the sophs are going to entertain you."

Just as he finished this sentence, in walked twelve masked sophomores with paddles.

"The first thing on the program," continued Herbert, "pulling a slip of paper from his pocket, "is a cross country run by Mr. J. Phil Grant."

"What does this mean, Herbert Wilkinson?" demanded a number of voices.

"Have you turned traitor to the freshman class?" asked Phil, his face glowing and his eyes flashing with anger.

"Old fellow, you'll be repaid. I'll see to that," said Freshman Bill Jones, his doubled fists shaking.

"Now you musn't get noisy, boys; if you do I'll have to let these wild cats tear you to pieces," returned Herbert. "If you keep quiet we wont give you over fifty hard smacks with the paddle, but if you are going to get bad we'll have to let you have a

hundred. We have plenty more of these wild cats outside," con tinued Herbert.

Phil, who was standing near the door, turned in dismay to Fisher, and just as he did so received a sore kick, and was dragged from the room by three large fellows.

"What are you going to do with me?" gasped Phil as soon as he was in the hall.

"Give you a lesson in running, so you can compete in the Marathon race in the next Olympic games," replied the one who held Phil's arms behind his back.

No more questions were asked until they were on the road when Phil inquired how far they were going to take him. In answer to his question he received two hard blows with the paddle that almost knocked him down, together with a mocking laugh from the three.

"Fellows, I'll tell you what," said a sophomore after they had walked a short distance further. "Let's not take him more than twenty-six miles, because that is the regular Marathon distance. And as we don't want to leave him out from his mother until daylight, we had better take him in about four o'clock."

They had traveled miles and poor Phil was almost exhausted from the many blows received from the paddle; and as his arms were tied behind him and held upward, he had walked the distance in a stooped position.

"Fellows, let go of my hands, will you?" asked Phil. "My back feels as if it would break."

At first the hazers were inclined to keep him as he was, but one said the boy could do nothing against three, so they let his arms free.

"My! how good that feels," said Phil to himself; and he slowly strengthened up in his correct walking position.

He looked about him and saw that they were crossing a bridge. He was startled at this sight, for he knew that the bridge was a little over six miles from the university.

Phil scrutinized his three captors closely and was sure he knew two of them. He knew that one was a pretty bad character and that if given even the slightest cause would not hesitate a moment to harm him. The other was a fellow a little taller than himself, but a pretty good sort of boy. Phil was sure that they would not go much further before they would have their fun with him, and he then and there determined to escape at the very first chance. As soon as they crossed the bridge he was led, as expected, along down the shore.

As it was fall, the air was chilly, and often Phil found himself shivering. The night was dark, not even a light could be seen anywhere. Soon it began raining, but this did not hinder the procession at all.

As Phil was waiting to escape, he suddenly saw his chance. Two of the sophomores were walking in front of him and the other just a step or two behind.

As quick as a flash Phil turned upon the one in the rear and gave him a crack that sent him sprawling on the ground. Before the others knew what had happened, Phil was running at his top speed up the shore.

Then he heard them shouting :

"Come back here, you little devil," fiercely demanded the worst man of the trio. "Come back, I say, or I'll shoot, he yelled "You're not coming, hey? I'll show——"

"Bang ! Bang !" rang the pistol shots.

A thump was heard up the road, and a loud groan.

"My Lord ! Richard; you have killed him."

"God knows I wish I had never come on this trip," said the largest man, throwing off his mask as he ran toward the prostrate figure.

When he reached poor Phil, he saw by his flash light that Phil was bleeding from the neck and shoulder. Both bullets had struck.

"Can it be that I have killed him !" exclaimed Richard Johnson as he came running up to the still form. "I would never have shot if he had not struck me," he said again. "God forgive me !" he cried, falling on his knees.

The sophomore who had first reached Phil, was now unloosening his clothing. When it had been parted to his bare body, the sophomore nervously felt for the heart beats. He waited a moment and then jumped up and exclaimed, "He is living !"

After carefully wrapping the wounded boy in their coats, they bore him to the road, where they waited a few moments for a team. Soon one appeared and they drove him swiftly to the hospital.

Here Phil staid for nearly three weeks, and thanks to the careful watchfulness and attention of the doctors, he slowly recovered.

Richard Johnson gave himself up to the sheriff, and on the generous-hearted refusal of Phil to have the prosecution pressed, became the boy's life friend. Wilkinson, be it known, did not linger about college to suffer Freshman Bill Jones' threat or the lively treatment that the whole university was anxious to give him.

MATERIAL NATURE VERSUS HUMAN NATURE.

J. R. BRITTINGHAM, '07.

How closely has God created all nature to correspond with the various stages of life and the different types of human nature! Is there a single one of all nature's wonderful proceedings which can not be likened to some of the many actions of the human race? Yet it is natural that man, the most complete and most wonderful of the productions of God's unrivalled creative genius, should be mimicked, even in his most petty deeds and aspirations, by nature. It is a great advantage to man, sometimes, to see himself as he really is, and not as he thinks himself or as others repute him to be. Accordingly, if he considers his surroundings and makes a study of them with an unmaterialistic view to improvement of self and with an intention to fully understand and appreciate others, he will soon know himself better than ever before. Let the practical study of nature emanate from such a desire, and the results will be all that are required. Let the study be embraced under four headlines spring, summer, autumn and winter, and it will embrace all life. Beginning with the first of season, with the first vegetable and plant life, we may watch the manner in which the year is begun. With the first warm day, comes many birds, which seemingly,cannot await the time when the sun will shine with warmth unceasingly. They strive to enjoy prematurely the joys of this season only to be driven back into their haunts by a succeeding disagreeable period. In life we often note this restless form of nature which is never satisfied with the unpleasant and irksome periods of life, and which is always striving to grasp pleasures in advance of their allotted time. Even as the tiny birds suffered with the rawness of some day of early March, even as they were driven back to a place of warmth, so is the life of people possessed of this nature hampered by many disappointments, and chilled by the biting blasts of adversity. Their life is unhappy, because they do not regard troubles with any view of toleration. They seem at times surprised, often actually vexed, that anything should happen contrary to their wishes and hopes. It is the same way with the little flowers which shoot upwards when tempted by the warmth of the sun, only to be blighted by the frost of a following day. Full many hopes, full many ideals, full many aspirations, full many plans for lives and full many lives are blighted, shattered, crushed and ruined because the execution of the plans and the realization of the hopes were

attempted and expected too soon. One lesson which nature tells us is summed up in the three words "bide your time." We should not expect glory, honor, and wealth to all rush in just at the moment we think of them. We must work on, here a task completed, there a duty performed; here a friend made, there a good word said, "here a little, there a little; line upon line," deed upon deed. Eventually, our plans may succeed and honor may evolve from our ideals. Later as we witness the crops in their beauty growing, or even as we see the farmer his seed a sowing over the well prepared soil, or as we note how carefully the young plant is nurtured in order to develop into a sturdy plant of full growth, we are taught how carefully must our plans be laid. It is then that we know that, as the farmer uproots all weeds that prevent the full growth, we must remove from our lives all noxious habits, all detriments to the unrestrained growth of mind and body together. A place must be discovered and prepared for the enactment of all plans. As one product of agriculture is best adapted to a certain condition of soil, so is one plan of life more likely to succeed in one place and among one class of people than in other places and amid other people. The variety of human nature does not permit all to think alike, enjoy alike or to appreciate alike. If this were so, there would be nothing more tiresome to humanity than human nature. At least one bad form, that of gossip, would be abolished, for it is always more or less assumed, when people condemn themselves.

But we must now consider active portion or season of nature, or summer, when the trees are laden with dense foliage and fine fruit, when everything seems to stand still under the sweltering rays of the sun. It is at this period when the vegetation is taking from the atmosphere that which is useful to its growth and giving away that which is not needed, using the sunlight to manufacture the green of the leaves, that we think of all mankind as being similarly engaged. This is just the great occupation of the majority of men, taking what they desire and discarding all that they cannot employ in accomplishing their purposes for others. The only difference being that some desire to keep all just for the sake of having and preventing others from having. Yet if honor is sought we must give to the world, to our friends and to our profession, as well as receive. So the struggle goes on until the autumn comes with the brown fields and falling leaves. As some crops are plentiful and some very meagre, so are some lives blessed and some merely surviving. As some are matured and some killed by frost before maturity, so are some aims realized and some destroyed because they were started too late. As the birds fly away before the cold

season, so many unfortunate individuals, dissapppointed and grieved at *this life* and *this world,* who dare not face the coldness and unre ceptiveness of *this world* any longer, silently steal away to the refuge of *that* land from which no traveller returns, into which land we are debarred from a sight, by the curtain between us and eternity. The autumn of life is either a period of satisfaction or dissatisfaction. Ye who are now young strive to make it the former.

Lastly comes the winter, when all trees save the evergreens, are dormant, when all is at rest. Let us be as the evergreens, the same in all the seasons of life. Let us be the same amid joys and troubles, with a smile and a hope at all times. Winter, old age rest, death. After death what? If we do not deserve it we shall not live again. We are then only annual plants. After a good life, we are perennial plants, born again into another and better world of flowers.

WHEN LATIN INTERFERED.

BY WILLIAM GALEN VANSANT, '11.

"Come in," called Colonel Sterling, president of Hamilton Military College, in response to a rap at the door.

Cadet Harry Moore, with an anxious look entered the room.

"What is it, Harry?" asked the president.

"The coach has put me off the basket ball team, and I wish to speak to you about it."

"I thought you were one of the strongest players," said the president, very much surprised.

"It isn't because I can't play; I have failed in Latin."

The president opening his report book read: "English 98, History 95, Latin 42, ———. You see that in keeping with our rules you are not eligibile for our athletic teams."

"Yes, sir, but couldn't I have a re-examination?"

"Well, go ask your instructor to come here, I think he is in the library."

"Mr. Dodge," asked the president when the instructor had come, "do you think Harry's Latin justifies a re-examination?"

Mr. Dodge paused for a moment, "I do not think I ought to keep him from the team."

"Give me one more chance," interrupted Harry.

"Well," said the president, addressing the instructor, "if you are willing I think we had better give him a re-examination."

Ha ıy thanked the president and instructor and left the room

determined to pass in his Cicero. He had not gone far before he met Jack, the captain of the basket ball team.

"Will you get the examination, Harry?"

"Yes."

"Come on to the room, I am going to help you. You have got to pass that Latin off."

The two went to Harry's room and after a search found a Cicero and grammar.

Harry tried to conjugate the present, and then the imperfect tenses of the verb "amo," but broke down discouraged.

"I know I can never pass."

"Oh, yes you can, Harry."

Harry had a mind quicker than his spirit was confident, so encouraged daily by Jack, gained very rapidly. The day before the great game with Madison College, Harry went to the instructor's room fully ready for the examination. Mr. Dodge was absent. Harry inquired and was told that he had gone away to attend a wedding.

Harry ran rapidly to Colonel Sterling's office, where the president was busy with visitors. Harry knocked, and without waiting for a reply, walked in and began excitedly to tell the president of his troubles.

The colonel annoyed, said hashly, "You will have to wait until your instructor returns."

"But if I don't pass the Latin I can't play tomorrow. Harry left the room discouraged and went to the captain.

"I'll make it all right for you," said Jack cheerily.

Jack went to see the president, who had thought the matter over during his leisure.

"Well," said the presideet, "tell Harry to come to me and I will give him an oral examination."

Jack did not go immediately back to Harry, but instead went to make some preparations for the game, forgetting the president's message.

When the inspector called that evening and next morning, Harry was away; then the officer went to report to the president.

"Colonel Sterling, Cadet Moore has run away, leaving his room and uniform in good order."

Jack, coming up at the same instant, cried out, "Oh, Colonel, I forgot last night to tell Harry you were going to give him an examination, and he has gone away somewhere."

After a few hours the Hamilton boys found themselves confronted by a very powerful team from Madison College. The first

half of the game ended with Madison six points ahead. During the intermission, the coach felt a small boy pull on his sleeve and followed the lad down stairs. When he returned with Harry, dressed in a cadet basketball suit, the team and Hamilton enthusiasts sprang to their feet, waved their pennants and broke forth with a great yell.

Colonel Sterling seeing it all, was undecided what to do; first he thought of ordering Harry away, but he was so glad of the boy's return that he hesitated. While he delayed, the second half was called. It began with a rush, Harry in his position, the team with confidence regained. Point by point they gained until the score was tied, with half a minute to play. One of the Madison men ran excitedly with the ball.

"Foul," cried the umpire, who threw the ball to Jack. The captain passed it to Harry, who nervously threw the big leather covered sphere.

With a revolving twist, the ball mounted upward, seeming to pause in mid-air, and then it sank softly into the hempen net.

Harry Moore had won the laurels; he was carried from the floor on the shoulders of his team-mates. Seeing the president, he struggled away from them, saluted and handed the colonel a letter. Opening it, the president read:

"MY DEAR COLONEL STERLING:—Cadet Harry Moore, after a heroic trip on a freight train, arrived at 5.30 A. M. for his re-examination in Latin. I am pleased to credit him with the commendable mark of ninety-four. Although I do not approve of his absence, I will bear the blame.

Yours sincerely, ELBERT DODGE,
Instructor in Latin, Hamilton Military College.

POE, THE POET.

W. RAYMOND MOODY.

The present age will doubtless bring forth many literary gems and the realm of letters may be enriched by the creations of a yet unborn genius, but few productions can approach in importance the poems and stories which, less than a century ago, gave news to the world that a new immortal had arisen.

The significant fact about Poe's work is that it was original, something that can be said of few modern writers. His genius was innate, which does not apply to all so-called genii. The "Gold Bug" and "The Raven" stand out as particular masterpieces because

they, like all original things, exerted a marked influence on contemporary thought. Nothing can surpass the swing of his verse; in the color and atmosphere of his poems he is without peer. Because of the unique quality of his work, he stands apart from all American writers. Indeed, so different is he from his contemporaries, that, under the influence of his work, a separate school sprang up in Europe, having for its purpose the perpetuation of his ideals.

The unfortunate thing for Poe was that he was a little in advance of his time. He was no exception to the general rule that reformers are seldom believed and always criticised. He tried to open up a new and wider field for literary talent; endeavored to break away from the hard and fast rules of Puritanism; and to move the ideals of his countrymen nearer the sublime. But the "critics" said and their descendants now say that this man strayed away from their ideas of morality, The judgment is perfectly true, but does that detract from his literary ability? Was he, because morally weak, less intellectually strong? If so, then let us cast Kubla Kahn, Childe Harold and Hamlet into oblivion. But the few do not change the many. The Universities of Oxford, Leipzic, Marburg, Berlin, Yale, Virginia, Hopkins and others do honor to the name of Poe, and the foremost litterateurs of Europe pay homage to this greatest of American literary genii. We can no more fittingly recognize the exclusion of Poe's name from the Hall of Fame than in the words of Father Tabb—

"Within the charnal Hall of Fame,
The dead, alone, must go;
Then carve not there the living name
Of Edgar Allan Poe."

The fact that Poe's fame has endured a century is sufficient evidence of its immortality. He was not a dramatist; he laid no claim as a portrayor of mighty characters. He was in essence a poet, and in this respect the greatest in America. His "song burst from his heart" and his very soul is laid bare in the melancholy, yet exquisite, lines of "The Raven." Truly he was the Byron of America. Then to Poe, the wierd genius, let us dictate these lines:

To him, who, from the deep-toned harp of Life
Drew forth a softer note, and bade dull Earth
Remember Heaven; who wrought the bitter strife
Of earlier lusts with golden tears and mirth
Denied for grief that gave his spirit birth;
Who, through the mist, saw immortality,
And rent in twain the veil that through the dirth
Of lesser things we too, like him, might see;
To him, the Southland's praise will ever be.

The Collegian.

Published Monthly by Students of Washington College.

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At the expiration of your subscription the paper will be continued, unless notice is given to the contrary.

Entered as second-class matter October, 28, 1908, at the Post Office at Chestertown, Md. under the Act of March 3, 1879.

THE STAFF.

EUGENE W. PRUITT, Editor-in-Chief.

DEPARTMENTAL EDITORS:

W. RAYMOND MOODY, ETHEL COOPER, } Literary.
LYDIA JONES, Religious.
LUCY GYWN BRANHAM, Social.
JAMES W. JOHNS, Athletic.
ROBT. EARLE GREENLEE, Humorous.
JOHN R. BRITTINGHAM, Alumni.
E. G. BREEDING, Inter. Collegiate.

ALBERT D. MACKEY, Business Manager.
B. TREW DURDING, Asst. Business Manager.

IN AN EDITORIAL WAY.

With the beginning of the new year the Collegian desires to extend to all its subscribers and friends its best wishes for a bright and prosperous new year. We feel that the students have come back from their short vacation fully prepared for the examinations that are now upon us.

The course of lectures, the first of which will be delivered imdiately after the examinations, will no doubt be of much interest to all who attend. Every student of the college should make it a point to attend every lecture. They are to be delivered by learned men who will, no doubt, make it worth while to attend.

Again we must appeal to the Alumni to take more interest in the college publication. Even though they may not find time to write for the Collegian, surely they can afford to pay the small subscription price for the sake of keeping alive old recollections and of helping this, the monthly paper of their Alma Mater.

We have awaited with much interest the rendering of the literary programs of the three literary societies at their open meet-

ings. We were expecting much of all three, and we are glad to be able to say that our expectations have been fully realized. The programs were carried out in an excellent manner at all three open meetings and it would be hard to say that one excelled another in any respect. The three societies were never on a better footing than they are at present and what is most to be desired they are working in perfect harmony with each other.

Owing to lack of space we were compelled to omit the athletic notes from the columns of this issue. But simply because there is no mention made of athletics in this number, let no one suppose that such matters have been forgotten for the time being. Our baseball manager has been wide-awake ever since the beginning of the scholastic year, and although the schedule is not yet complete, we feel sure that it will be the best we have ever had. In fact, Washington may well be proud to compete with such colleges as those with whom he has already scheduled games. The complete schedule will be printed in a later issue of the Collegian.

It is with much praise and many compliments that we look at the work of the editors and managers of the '09 PEGASUS and see that they are now busily engaged in getting their material ready for the printers. They commenced early in the year and have left no stone unturned that would contribute to the success of the enterprise. Only by hard work and unconquerable perseverance have they been able to overcome the many and unforseen obstacles which inevitably accompany such an undertaking. They have done this without any outside aid and the time has now come when they must call upon the Alumni and friends of the college to help them by sending in their subscriptions without further delay. This is the second attempt to publish an annual at Washington College, and by the way the managers and editors are working, it surely looks as though the PEGASUS is here to stay. The only thing that seems to be lacking at this time is the subscriptions from the Alumni. Why not get wise and send in your subscriptions today? You will never regret the small sum of $1.50, the subscription price, which will bring back to you many dollars worth of fun and happy reminiscences of those never to be forgotten college days. A large number of the friends of the college have sent in their subscriptions, but on looking over the books we see that the Alumni are the ones we want. They seem slow to grasp the opportunity of seeing Washington as it was and as it is. The picturing of the contrast will alone be worth several times the subscription price.

SOCIAL NOTES.

EDITED BY LUCY GWYN BRANHAM.

The students have all returned to college after spending a pleasant holiday and they are now all ready to get down to hard work.

Mr. Joseph Buckley has left college to accept a position in Waterbury, Connecticut.

Mr. L. W.Barroll, '08, who is at present pursuing a course at Yale, was home for the holidays and attended the Pieria Open Meeting.

Dr, James W. Cain spent a Saturday and Sunday in Balti more this month.

The Misses Townsend, Stoops, Branham, Denny and Harrison accompanied by Miss Baker, spent Saturday, the 16th, in Baltimore, returning, however, in time to attend the Adelphia open meeting.

The Pieria Literary Society held its annual open meeting December 19. The following programme was carried out:

PROGRAMME:

SELECT READINGS.

"A Second Trial." (Kellog) ..... E. Hopkins
"Arnold the Traitor." ..... A. C. Gale

IMPROMTU.

A. E. H. Gray ..... S. E. Collison

DECLAMATION.

Apples. ..... C. M. Gray
Time's Silent Lesson ..... A. B. Smith
Essay, From de Brier Patch ..... L. G. Branham
Paper. Historiographical Accounts of the college (Aborigine)
Historiographer ..... E. M. Geist
Fun of the Day ..... M. Pennington
Music. Au Martin (Godard) ..... M. A. Brown
Debate. Resolved that the system of co-educational schools is better than the system of separate schools.

Affirmative.	Negative.
L. Russell	E. Cooper
G. Greenlee	E. M. Price

After the program the guests adjourned to Normal Hall, where refreshments were served, consisting of Waldorf salad, cheese straws and coffee. The reception rooms were decorated in green and red.

The Adelphia Literary Society held its eighth annual open meeting January the sixteenth, and the following programme was rendered:

PROGRAMME :

Welcome ..... A. D. Mackey

IMPROMPTU

W. W. Jump ..... J. F. Noonan

DECLAMATION

Ancient and Modern Oratory ..... E. C. Crouch
Evangeline on the Prairie ..... W. U. Cross

READING

Gemini and Virgo ..... J. H. Hessey

Paper. Adelphia Moonbeam.

Editor ..... J. W. Johns
Asst. Editors ..... J. Leo Brown, R. E. Greenlee

DEBATE.

QUESTION--Resolved, That religion has conferred more benefit on mankind than science.

Affirmative.	Negative.
E. W. Pruitt	A. H. Porter
H. H. Sasscer	J. P. Knotts

CRITIC'S REPORT.

Critic ..... A. H. Porter

After the judges, Miss Chapel, Miss Townsend, president of the Pieria,and Mr. Langsdale, president of the Mt. Vernon Literary Society had rendered their decision which was unanimously in favor of the affirmative, the guests adjourned to the West Hall dining room, which was tastefully decorated with pennants, flags and bunting; here refreshments consisting of oyster pattees and coffee were served.

The following course of lectures will be delivered in the auditorium, Wm. Smith Hall:

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1909.—"The Honey Bee: its Habits and Usefulness to Man." E. F. Phillips. Ph.D., in charge of Agiculture, Bureau of Entomology, Washington, D. C.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1909.—"Mt. Pele and the Destruction of St. Pierre, Martinique." Edmund Otis Hovey, Ph.D., Associate Curator, American Museum of Natural History, New York City.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1909.—"Our Little Brothers of the Air." Samuel C. Schmucker, Ph.D., Professor of Biology, West Chester Normal School, West Chester, Pennsylvania.

TUESDAY, MARCH 2, 1909.—"Nature's Greatest Challenge to Man." Rev. Hiram W. Kellogg, D.D., LL.D., Wilmington, Delaware.

FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1909.—"A Visit to the Balkan Peninsula and Dalmatia." Joseph S. Ames, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Physics and Director of the Physical Laboratory, Johns Hopkins Univerisity, Baltimore, Maryland.

FRIDAY, APIL, 2, 1909.—"Social Life in Germany at the Time of the Reformation." Gustav Gruener, Ph.D., Professor of German, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut.

ALUMNI NOTES.

EDITED BY J. R. BRITTINGHAM, '07.

Mr. Blackiston Wroth, '08, is substituting in a school near Quaker Neck. We are glad to know that he makes a successful professor.

Mr. Lewin Hepburn Usilton, '06, is taking a course at Swarthmore College.

Mr. William Houston Toulson, '08, who is at present employed in the second largest bank in the United States expects to enter a medical college next fall.

Mr. Harris S. Corddry, '08, is now in the lumber business with his father at Snow Hill, Md.

Miss Jane Rochester, '08 N., is teaching school at Church Hill, Md.

Miss Mary Ahern, a student at the college last year, took a very prominent part in a musical given at the M. E. Church, in Chestertown, during the holidays.

Married—January 5, 1909, Miss Mary Baker Hadaway, '08 N. of Pomona, and Mr. Elston Luther Brown, of Edesville.

RELIGIOUS.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

EDITED BY LYDIA JONES, '09 N.

Another year has begun. What can we do this year to make our association a real one? This is the question for us all to think of and to answer. Miss Dyer, the student secretary of the Y. W. C. A., was with us for a few days during the past month and all enjoyed her visit. Let us hope her interesting talk and her suggestions will not be forgotten, but will be put into practical use in the coming days.

Think of her words. "May we make it our aim this year to give sufficient prayer, thought and effort to our work in the association to make the ideals for which it stands a vital power in the life of every student. We can do it if we will."

HUMOROUS.

EDITED BY R. EARLE GRERNLEE.

Jump—"Say, Jim, is your aunt still deliquescent (meaning convalescent)?"

Maddox (just before Christmas)—"Just think, boys, in one more week we will be in our prespective homes."

Gibson—"Voss, I am cutting a wisdom tooth."
Voss—"Well, I think it is time you were getting a little wisdom."

Johnson—"Boys, my marks are "fastly" approaching zero."

Dr. Hall—"Can you tell me the animal which is capable of the closest attachment to man?"
Porter, S.—"Why, the leech."

Waller (the first night at college)—"Say, Connely, what do they mean by the foot ball coach?"
Connely—"Why, I guess it is the ambulance."

Breeding—"Mackey, does this picture do me justice?"
Mackey—"It does, more than that, it shows you mercy."

Prof. Thompson—"What happens to gold when exposed to the air?"
Crew—"It's stolen."

Jump—"Sasscer came in here and swiped my wash."
Johns—"What made you think it was Sasscer?"
Jump—"Because he swiped all but the towels."

Martin—"Boys, I certainly am recruiting in my strength (meaning recuperating).

In September, 1906, the year that one of our exceedingly wise juniors arrived at college, he was asked the following question by one of the seniors, "What's your name, little boy?"
This is his reply, "Why, my name is Loran Robert Langsdale, from Mardella Springs, Wicomico county, Md. Miss Bounds over at Normal Hall is my cousin. She stood second in her class last year."

Wanted—Something to reduce a pound of my superflous flesh.—Huey.

Wanted—Some one who will laugh at Gibson's jokes besides himself.—Junior Class.

BURLESQUE OPERA.

W. R. MOODY, '09.

The extravaganza begins with a comically elaborate overture in C, followed by slushy modulations in A and E.

Chorus of French School Girls
(Members of Pieater Society)
follows thus:

"Give uz someting more zu eet,
More zu eet,
Viz cake, und mit pie,
Now ve come for more zu eet,
More zu eet;
O zes, ve come for more zo eet."

Enter hero, a pale youth, who sweeps a bow in salutation to chorus and replies in exciting recitative:—

"My vriends, I tank you kindly for ze musik,
I am here!"
Chorus.
"He is here!"
Orchestua.
Zwish; Bang!
Hero.
"I am here and starving—helb me!"
Chorus.
"He is here and starving—helb him—
Give him someting more zu eet,
More zu eet;
Viz cake und mit pie,
For him zu eet,
More zu eet,
O give him someting more zu eat;
More zu eet."
Hero.
"But hush! Ah!" (A gorgeous roulade)
"I hear some footsteps now abbroaching
It is he!" (Another roulade) "The Pie Man!"

Chorus.
"It is he! The Pie Man!
Give uz someting more zu eet,
More zu eet."

Orchestra ambles off into a romanzo for tenor, andante cantabile in key of G.

Pie Man sings:—
"Bies zu sell,
Big. juicy, O my sir!
And if you are hungry
And starving, just buy sir.
Bies zu sell,
Bies zu sell,
O Bies,
Yes, Bies!"
Duet by hero and Pie Man.

The chorus brays again and orchestra slides off into dish pan music.

Suddenly Pie Man emits a shriek—
"O horror! What do I behold! He has vilched a bie!"
Hero, scampering off, "A-ha!"
Orchestra.
Tr-r-r-r—Bang!

Policeman enters, liberating a horrible basso profundo roar! Orchestra crashes! Pie man rushes forward! Chorus gasps and blanches! Hero hides behind a tree!

Policeman sings:—
"Young man! Young man! Young man!
Thou hast transgressed the law. Fie!
In stealing this, a fair mince pie;
Thou shalt not live another day,
Avay to prison. Avay!"
Chorus.
"Avay to prison. Avay!"
O give us (Allegro)
Some bumpkin bie,
Bumpkin bie."
Policeman.
"Ach! Young man! I have to curse you!
Verpfluct!
Dat vas wrong! Vat vas de vords?
Ach Himmel! Cur-r-se! Verpfluct!

Orchestra helps him out—Crash!

Policeman, enraged and embarrassed, makes a break for hero.

Pie Man:—

"Begone! Wr-r-r-r-etch! Begone!"

Hero, scampering off.

"Ta-ta" (roulade) "Ta-ta."

Pie Man:—

"Bold thief!

O! (Gorgeous roulade)

O! (Another one)

Begon-n-n-ne!"

Scene ends with chorus continuing its interminable song about "Someting zu eet;" while from behind scenes comes deep profundo:

"Avay;"

Orchestra goes off into spasms, throws in a little peaches and cream overture, and winds up with the conventional thunder storm rattle and crash!

EXCHANGES.

EDITED BY E. G. BREEDING, '09.

The editors of the Washington Collegian desire to extend to their contemporaries their best wishes for a most happy and successful new year, and trust that the friendly relations that have been experienced in the past will not only continue in the future, but even grow stronger.

Many of our exchanges are indeed to be complimented on the work that they are doing along the literary line, and it is evident that much time is spent on the pages of their monthly publications. Such papers as these do much credit to the colleges and universities at which they are issued, and the outside world naturally feels a great sense of pride in such educational institutions.

The Southern Collegian arrived with its usual punctuality, and after looking over its well edited pages, we find many articles to be of a high degree of literary attainment. "*Reminiscences*" and "*My Lady's Locket*," the second being a comedy, both concluded in the December number, are very interesting and were read with the closest attention. In this paper we find much more poetry than in many of our exchanges, and this surely puts a great deal of life into a paper. However much prose work there might be, if there is an omission of a few verses of poetry in a college monthly, it is greatly missed.

Turning next to The Mountaineer, we find three numbers at hand—the "Alumni Number," "Centennial Number" and "Christmas Number," the first two mentioned having arrived after our December number had gone to press, this is the first opportunity we have had to acknowledge the receipt of them. The Mountaineer contains many excellent sermons, orations and speeches delivered at the Centenial Exercises of Mt. St. Mary's College. In the Christmas number we see more articles written by the students, among which "*American Colleges and the Clergy*," and "*The Church in Ireland in Penal Days*," are the best, both being well written, and especially interesting from an historical view. We are also glad to see poetic ability displayed in this number.

Although a little late in reaching us, we were glad to welcome The Agnetian Monthly from our sister college, Mt. St. Agnes. "*Idlewile*" was read with intense interest, and, although sorry that we could not have the entire story, we are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the next issue, in order that we may be able to know how Hargrave is getting along as mistress in her new Kentucky home.

The Delaware College Review is to be congratulated on its very creditable issue. We regret that the November number did not reach us, for we desire to read "*The Kid*" in its entirety, and would be very glad to receive it yet.

Among one of the best exchanges we have received is The Talisman from the Florida College for Women. It is all that is to be expected in a college monthly. The issue shows that the young ladies who publish this paper spend much time and thought in its preparation.

The little green back paper, The Western Maryland College Monthly, is again in our midst. The issue shows some very good *short* stories, but the editors seem to put most of their time upon the Athletic Columns. It is true, they had a foot ball team, especially remarkable for its weight, but since the season for foot ball is past, it would be well to use less space for this particular line of sport.

We are glad to see an improvement in the December number of the St. John's Collegian over that of back numbers. We hope that the good work will continue.

The following is the list of exchanges received:

The Southern Collegian, Washington and Lee University; *The Mountaineer*, Mt. St. Mary's College; *The Delaware College Review; The St. John's Collegian; The Agnetian Monthly*, Mt. St. Agnes College; *The Talisman; The Western Maryland College Monthly; The Cadet Weekly*, Virginia Military Institute; *The Chronicle; The Phoenix*.

CALENDAR.

1908

September 16, Wednesday.....Opening of the college
September 16-19.....Entrance examinations
October 14, Wednesday. Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
November 26, Thursday.....Thanksgiving Recess begins
November 29, Sunday.....Thanksgiving Recess ends
December 22, Tuesday.....Delivery of the Senior Orations
December 23, Wednesday.....Christmas Recess begins

1909

January 5, Tuesday.....Christmas Recess ends
January 13, Wednesday Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
February 3, Wednesday.....Opening of the Spring Term
February 22, Monday.....Washington's Birthday, a holiday
Annual Banquet of the Mt. Vernon Literary Society
March 31, Wednesday.....Observance of Maryland Day
April 6, Tuesday.....Delivery of the Senior Orations
April 7, Wednesday.....Easter Recess begins
April 13, Tuesday.....Easter Recess ends
April 14, Wednesday.....Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
April 30, Friday..Annual Contest of the Intercollegiate Oritorical Association.
May 7, Friday.....Reception by the Adelphia Literary Society
June 2, Wednesday.....Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
June 11, Friday.....Anniversary of the Adelphia Literary Society
June 12, Saturday.....Anniversary of the Pieria Literary Society
June 13, Sunday.....Baccalaureate Sermon
Sermon to the Christian Associations
June 14, Monday.....Senior Normal Class Day
Anniversary of the Mt. Vernon Literary Society
June 15, Tuesday.....Declamation Contest
Alumni Meeting and Banquet
June 19, Wednesday.....Commencement

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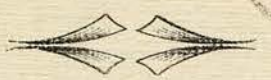

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LITERARY.

AMERICA DEGENERATE.

C. E. NOLAND, '09.

Over four centuries ago, there was revealed to the civilized nations a new land. Little dreamed the people of that time the import of that discovery, for a new chapter had been opened in the history of the Ages.

Far across the unknown sea, beneath whose bosom lurked strange and unknown dangers, lay the land of the setting-sun, a land of flowers and sunshine, the birthplace of American Liberty. No fairy-tale reads stranger than the history of this new continent, for Divine Providence had once more concerned herself with the affairs of men. Since antiquity had men been dreaming of a place where political and religious equality was free to all. In this new land lay that Utopia and so we see, as if by magic, this boundless wilderness, roamed o'er by Indian and buffalo, transformed into fertile fields and fortified settlements.

The young bird, in the first few weeks of his life, is content to remain in his nest and submit to the support of his mother. But soon the fresh air expands his lungs, new strength invigorates his body, and he longs to leave his home and start his battles with the World. Under the surveillance of his mother he begins his early lessons in the art of flying. His first attempts result merely in a few hops, but with each trial comes added confidence and dexterity, until he finally casts loose from parental restraints and soars away under the blue sky, singing his song of joy.

Mighty England was the mother and protectress of this nation. In her armies the colonists learned to fight and in her town meetings how to govern.

Once more the magic wand is waved, and the Old Liberty Bell tolls forth her message of Independence unto the World. The crusaders in freedom's holy cause prepare themselves to do or die for the eternal right. The awe-struck World is shaken in the throes of mighty conflict, unequaled since the time of ancient Greece. Proud England was loth to lose so promising an offspring, but the pay and commands of a mighty king could not subdue the wild and desperate spirit of these men.

The wild, fleeting dream had at last become a reality. The new-risen sun of independence had burst the cloud of time, and shedding its crimson rays of liberty upon this new-born nation, had careered to its place in the Heavens.

From the untrained ranks of this army sprang such statesmen, orators, ambassadors and diplomats as no nation of that time could boast. Rough and uncertain were the early voyages of the ship of State, but under the direction of these skilful masters she escaped the rocks and hidden shoals until later, under the guidance of Lincoln, she crossed the last bar and swept majestically into the harbor of safety. Why need we further review these well-known facts? What a happy land was this! All men were joined in a universal brotherhood. The citizen views with a smile of deep contentment his growing crops and budding industries. The office-holder pursues with industry and pride the duties of his office, while the thirteen States expand into a mighty government, which takes its place at the head of nations. How priceless a gift did these men will to their posterity!

But let us close the pages of history and turn our thoughts to the present day. What devastating scene do we behold? Is this the glorious America which our forefathers conceived?—which kind Providence destined? Darkness curtains those once glowing hills, while cries of bitterness and unrest arise from the once happy multitude.

America! proudest nation of the Earth, heiress of the ages, awaken and perceive the proximity of thy downfall! Glorious land! behold thy statutes, framed by the world's most brilliant statesmen, thine own illustrious sons, defiled for the paltry dollar and trodden down in the mad rush for gold. In the past thirty years no tramp of hostile feet or roar of bloody conflict has served to awaken thy slumbers. Most profoundly hast thou slept.

Lower and lower has burned the fire of patriotism until there now remains but a smouldering flame. As a mighty torrent changes its course from one river-bed to another, entirely abandoning the old, so that wild, restless spirit of the colonists, forgetful of past history and traditions, has turned from the channels of Liberty into those of Greed. Like a robber in the night has this cold and cruel tyrant crept into the hearts of those whose deliverance had been purchased at the price of many lives. No longer do the waves of the stormy Atlantic and peaceful Pacific wash upon the shores of a free land. A new monarchy has been established with "money" as king. The national emblem has been changed from the American eagle to the gold dollar; the national banner from the stars and stripes to the red field of crime and tyranny. The names of Wash-

ington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Webster, have been erased from the pages of American history and those of Rockefeller, Carnegie, Harriman, and Gould, inserted in their places. The strains of The Star Spangled Banner are drowned by the maniacal cries from the New York Pit, that great gambling hell which transforms men into demons and women and children into slaves.

The birthright of the American citizen, the ballot, carrying with it the highest form of government conceivable to the present mind, loses its significance in the annual auction held under the semblance of an election, where it is delivered to the highest bidder by the members of the illiterate mob, menaces to themselves, their country and to civilization. The halls of Congress, once the assembling place of the only rivals Demosthenes and Pericles have ever had, are now peopled with an inferior and degenerate posterity. Within those walls sacred to the nation, the memory of those who once sat witthin them, and to the God who decreed them, are assembled the representatives of combined capital, elected through its power to further its cause of ruin and destruction. In the courts we behold the Goddess of Justice, her spotless gown defiled with the stains of sin and pollution, while upon those calm, stern lips now dwells a smile of infinite scorn and derision. In her right hand she holds before her the scales wherein are weighed the matters pertaining to law. In one paw we perceive the bribes of the rich and profligate, in the other the weight of public interest and opinion. The beam wavers as we watch; first one side gains the advantage, then the other. The fate of a nation hangs in that balance. Slowly but surely the gold descends and the citizen sees his rights and privileges swept away before his view. The eye of the American youth cannot fall upon the pages of a newspaper without meeting with thrilling accounts of fraud and bribery, such as have recently been perpetrated in Philadelphia and San Francisco. A different heritage from that which our forefathers left.

Why need we longer glance upon this frightful scene? The Church is beseiged from without and betrayed from within. Behind the courts smolders the rioter's torch and looms the gibbet of the anarchist. Government is the contention of partisans and the prey of spoilsmen. Trade is restless in the grasp of monopoly, and commerce shackled with limitations. Splendor streams from the mansion and squalor crouches in the home. The universal brotherhood is dissolving, and the people are huddling into classes. Lower and lower sinks the sun of this republic while we stand mutely gazing on. Arize citizens! and regain those rights which you have so laxly guarded. Revive again the spirit of '76, and with your ballots expel those pagan gods from the temple of

your liberties. Once more unfurl Old Glory to the breeze, put on the armor of those whose shades now peacefully rest in the Elysian Fields, and with a mighty triumphal shout, drive forth these tyrants from our shores. And when the shades of that last long night draw near, when the sun for the last time looks down on this terrestrial orb, may his gaze encounter no fairer vision than the Goddess of Liberty, holding aloft her flaming beacon, undimmed by the ages, guiding back the weary pilgrim to the free and glorious shores of the United States of America.

A DIAMOND RING AT COLLEGE.

BY JOSEPH N. WHEATLEY, JR., '11.

"Look here, Williams!" exclaimed Sam Jackson, angrily. "I suppose you expect to go with Miss Wilson the rest of this year."

"I have as much right as you have," answered Jack Williams indignantly.

"You have, have you?" sneered Jackson. "You are too much of a baby to be going with a girl, I think."

"I intend to go with her as long as I please," exclaimed Jack hotly, and turning on his heel he left Jackson in disgust.

The foregoing conversation took place in one of the corridors of Mansion Hall at Dawson College one afternoon in January. Jack Williams and Sam Jackson were juniors. Dawson College was a co-educational institution where great attention was paid to the young women by the young men of the college. Alice Wilson was one of the prettiest and most attractive girls there. Both Williams and Jackson were rivals in more ways than one; great were the efforts of each to be in her charming presence whenever occasion permitted.

One night Jack Williams came from the girls' domitory with something more than Miss Wilson's merry laughter ringing in his ears and the vision of her pretty face lingering in his mind. Upon reaching his room he held something in his trembling hand and looked at it long and tenderly; a smile played about his lips and a triumpant expression spread over his manly face. He held in his hand that which he had longed for, that which had been his great desire ever since he had been captivated by the bewitching smile of Alice Wilson; he had—he dare not speak it aloud—her diamond ring. He held it from him and as the soft lamplight made the precious stones sparkle and scintilate he stood entranced by their dazzling beauty.

"If Jackson could see me now," he murmured aloud, "what would he say?"

The question was quickly answered; the door flew open, and before Jack knew what happened, the ring was snatched from his hand and a heavy blow in the face hurled him to the floor. Springing to his feet as quickly as he could, he rushed from his room, fairly jumped down stairs and ran to the door in search of Sam. He saw a dark figure hurrying away through the snow in the direction of White Pine Woods.

"I'll get that ring or die in the attempt," hissed Williams, and going to his room, he hurriedly donned his overcoat and started on his midnight errand. White Pine Woods was not more than half a mile from Dawson College, but the snow storm made the journey hard. Jack guessed Sam's destination at once when he saw him take the direction of White Pine Woods. In this woods lived a man named Bill Thornton, whose cabin stood about a hundred yards from the entrance of the woods. Little was known of Bill except by students who stole away to his house to play cards. Bill also often helped carry out the schemes of wrong-doers.

Reaching Thornton's cabin, Sam Jackson entered without knocking; evidently it was nothing unusual for him to go there.

"Hello!" exclaimed Bill joyfully. "What brings you out here tonight?"

"Wait until I get my breath, and I'll tell you," panted Sam, brushing the snow from his coat and shaking his hat.

Having sufficiently regained his breath he began:

"I have been going with a girl at college, but another fellow, Jack Williams, has been trying to cut me out, so I got her ring and when this fellow Williams found it out he 'swiped' it from my room while I was out. I got it back tonight and brought it out here to ask you if you will let me hide it here?"

"Well, drawled Bill slowly, "I can help you and I guess I shall."

"I certainly will be very much indebted to you, Bill," cried Jackson gladly.

"Say," began Thornton in his lazy tones, "I would like to go to town tonight 'cause I'm out of provisions, and as it has stopped snowin' I guess I can make town all right. You ain't afeerd to stay by yerself, are you?"

"No, indeed," cried Sam fearlessly, "I'm not afraid to stay; go ahead."

"If your friend should make a call, you kin use my little pearl-handled persuader in the table drawer," whispered Bill, and he winked knowingly. Then he strode out, and going to his stable nearby, bridled his little black horse, and speaking a word or two

to the animal, started towards town.

Jack Williams plunged through the snow slowly towards White Pine Woods. He could see his way fairly well through the whiteness; the clouds were hiding a full moon, but not all the light. Jack did not tire himself absolutely, for by doing that he would be unable to recover Miss Wilson's ring from Sam, and probably Bill would aid Jackson. After Jack had walked about half the distance to the woods the snow ceased, and now and then the moon peeped through a rift of clouds. Arriving at the woods, the young man hastily cut a heavy stick and took the two-hundred-yard path leading to Bill Thornton's cabin. He stole softly to the window and looked in. Bill was no where to be seen. Sam was sitting in a rocking chair,his face full of smiles,gazing intently at that little piece of jewelry that had caused Jack Williams to leave his dormitory and plough through snow for half a mile to a cabin in the woods. Sam still sat in the same position, his eyes half closed, a triumphant, malicious smile on his face, his gaze riveted on that precious ring. Jack, stepped to the door softly, lifted the latch and sprang in. Sam leaped to his feet, opened the table drawer and dropped into it the ring, then faced Jack with a haughty sneer.

"What do you want?" asked Sam in tones ironically polite.

"You know well what I want, Sam Jackson!" cried Jack. "I want that ring!"

Sam, apparently subdued by Jack's fierce tones, answered meekly: "Well, Williams, I see my foolishness, and as the ring is yours by rights, I suppose I had better give it to you."

Jack Williams was astounded at the sudden change in his enemy; he had never dreamed of recovering the ring so easily. Sam put his hand in the table drawer and drew it out quickly. Jack stepped forward to get the ring, but drew back quickly in dismay when instead of receiving the ring he looked into the barrel of a little pearl-handled pistol.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Jackson scornfully, "I'm not as big a fool as you took me for Williams."

Then Sam placed a hand again in the drawer, covering Jack all the while, and then held up Alice Wilson's diamond ring. Jack Williams was in despair. There stood his enemy with the glittering treasure in one hand and a dangerous looking pistol in the other. He felt the complete helplessness of his position, but did not give up. Sam saw the sick expression on Jack's handsome face and without thinking of the consequences, threw back his head and laughed derisively. Jack, quick to see his one chance, sprang forward, swung his club around swiftly,knocking the pistol from Sam's extended hand, then delivered a well planted blow, from his fist in

Sam's face, felling him to the floor. Sam dropped the little treasure in his fall; Jack snatched it up, and dashing out of the door, ran to the edge of the woods before he stopped. The run through the deep snow had winded him when he arrived at the edge of the woods. In one hand was clasped the diamond ring, in the other he had unconsciously retained the stout club that had been of so much service to him. Resting near a gigantic oak and opening his hand, he beheld the sparkling band of gold set with its dazzling diamonds. The moon cast a soft light on the scene magnifying the beauty of the little sparkler.

"In my hands at last," he murmured aloud.

"It ain't goin' to stay there long!" rang out a deep voice, and from behind the giant oak leaped Bill Thornton.

The act so startled Jack Williams that he threw up his hands in fright. The ring dropped, Bill caught it, and with a bound started at full speed towards his horse. But luck was with Jack; Bill Thornton in his haste, stumbled and fell, Jack close behind, dealt him a stunning blow on the head with his faithful club, and recovered the ring. Then he hurried towards his dormitory. But somehow he seemed to have lost his way; he became dizzy but struggled manfully on. He saw a building of the college and stumbled painfully in its direction. Arriving, he entered the hall and leaned against the wall for support. It must be the girls' dormitory, he reasoned vaguely. Then as someone came downstairs, he raised his dizzy head and beheld the pretty face of Alice Wilson. She ran to him with fear in her glowing countenance and exclaimed:

"What is the matter, Jack?"

Jack fumbled in his pocket and whispered hoarsely:

"I think it will be safer in your possession than mine," and dropped a diamond ring into her hand.

VIRGINIA'S NEW ROOM-MATE.

ETHEL COOPER, '09, N.

"Virginia, have you heard that you and I are not to room together any more," cried Dorothy Crayle in the most woebegone tone ever heard.

"Not room together? What do you mean? We've always roomed together."

"Yes, but Miss Grayson says we are not to any more," and Dorothy buried her face in a pillow.

"Dorothy, stop that and tell me what you mean, I never heard of such a thing!"

"Thus commanded, Dorothy began to explain. "Miss Grayson says that she thinks we two have roomed together for so long that it will be better in every way for our development if each of us comes in contact with a new character and a whole lot of such rigmarole. She wants to see us right away."

The two hurried down to Miss Grayson's room. The worried preceptress looked at the angry faces and sighed. "I'm sorry, girls," she said, "but I have been watching you two for sometime and it seems to me that you would both be much better off if separated. My reasons I cannot explain to you fully but I will be much pleased if you will agree." The girls pleaded with her for a long time, but Miss Grayson was firm and at last they yielded, Virginia's face, however, did not lose it's clouded look.

"With whom are we to room, Miss Grayson?" asked Dorothy.

"You may room with Margaret Hope." "Well, she is next to Virginia in my choice, but oh, dear—"

"And Virginia is to room with Gertrude Deane.

Virginia gasped. "Miss Grayson, you can't mean that. Why, we'd both be perfectly miserable."

"No, you will not. You'll come to like one another after you have roomed together for a time." Virginia without disdaining to reply left the room.

All the girls were surprised when they heard the news and especially when they heard whom Virginia's room-mate was to be. One and all exclaimed, "O, how funny" and went into peals of laughter, for never were two girls more different in every respect than Virginia Starr and Gertrude Deane. Virginia was quick tempered and imperious, accustomed to having her own way. She was the beauty and pride of Miss Grayson's select boarding school. Gertrude Deane had the air of one who expected to be snubbed and was snubbed in consequence. She was very plain and her sole aim was to be like Miss Starr and to win her friendship.

She nearly drove Virginia crazy by sitting and staring at her, by finding what her new dresses were to be like and appearing in exact duplicate of them. She even imitated the way she did her hair, and Virginia simply could not endure her. Imagine her feelings at having to leave Dorothy, her ideal of a room-mate, for Gertrude.

A month passed and Virginia made poor Gertrude's life miserable. She would come in when Gertrude was studying and would sing at the top of her voice. She made Gertrude her lackey, while she treated the poor girl with silent contempt on all occasions.

One day a party of the girls went for a straw-ride in the country. They were about ten miles from school when some one dis-

covered that a storm was about to burst upon them. They turned at once to go back, but it soon became evident that they would be caught in the storm.

"Oh, girls, let's go through this way," said one of the girls. "It will be a short cut and we'll get back sooner."

So they turned in a little by-road and drove rapidly for some time. After awhile they found that they were lost. The storm burst upon them and soon they were all drenched with the rain. After driving a short distance further they came to a little farm house. Jumping out of the wagon they hurried to the house, where the door was thrown open and they were cordially welcomed by a dear old lady.

"Why, girls, you're twenty miles or more out of your way. You'll have to stay here all night." As the storm did not abate they decided to do so and were soon talking gaily with the old lady and her husband, whose name, they learned, was Deane.

"Do you go to the Academy at Vernon?" Mrs. Dean asked. "And do you know Gertrude Deane? She is our daughter."

The girls, of course, said that they did. "Perhaps one of you is Miss Starr, her room-mate. She is so fond of her and talks so much about her. Virginia reluctantly told her that she was her daughter's room-mate and Mrs. Deane overwhelmed her with her rapid talk.

"How glad I am to see you. Gertrude tells us so much about you that I feel that I know you," and so she ran on while Virginia felt very much ashamed of herself. To think that she was here at Gertrude's home, treated so kindly by her parents and how unkindly she had treated Gertrude. She could hardly keep still.

"I didn't know Gertrude lived so near the Academy. Did you?" she asked the girls that night. No one had known it. They had never inquired where she went when she occasionally left school at the end of the week.

The next morning they thanked Mr. and Mrs. Deane for their hospitality and drove back to school. Mr. and Mrs. Deane urged them to come again and said that they would come in to explain to Miss Grayson if necessary. Miss Grayson, however, was satisfied with the girl's explanation.

Of course Virginia felt duty bound to tell Gertrude where she had been and to deliver the many messages her father and mother had sent to her. Gertrude was very much surprised, but was much pleased by the way in which Virginia spoke of her parents. The kind old couple had completely won the impulsive Virginia's heart. After that Virginia and Gertrude got along much better together.

One day Virginia came in and asked Gertrude if she was go-

ing to skate in the contest the next week. "I would like to," was the answer. "Mother and father would be so pleased if I could win the race, because I'll never get any scholarship medals as you other girls will."

"I'm going to try, too, but I know I wont win. I can't skate much, but it will be fun to try," said Virginia.

The day of the contest came and the ice was in perfect condition. The race was on, and it soon became evident that Gertrude was by far the best skater, while Virginia was second, with the others far behind. The finish was close at hand and Gertrude glanced around to see who was near her. That glance lost her the race, for just then Virginia's skate came off. She stumbled and fell and lay very still. Gertrude for one second felt tempted to go on and finish the race. Some one else might help Virginia. But even as she thought it she skated back and lifted up the prostrate girl. The other skaters flashed by and some one, she did not know nor care, won the race. Virginia had fainted and was carried to her room with a sprained ankle.

Better far than any prize in Gertrude's estimation was Virginia's whispered thanks after she had recovered from her swoon, and the knowledge that she had at last gained Virginia's friendship.

BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

EXTRACT FROM AN EPIC.

W. RAYMOND MOODY, '09.

At last immortal Washington appeared;
With stately tread and kindly glance, anon,
He bore himself with dignitv and ease,
And as he nearer came, a vision struck
My startled gaze. Upon a battle field,
Now crimson with the blood of many slain,
Two armies fought, the one encouched in
Suits of red, the others, livid, stern-faced, calm
And resolute, who wore the royal blue.
The latter, step by step, were falling back
Before the furious onslaughts of the crimson
Coats. I gasped, as midst a horrible
Medley of shouts and groans the men in blue
Retreated! Ah, what is that cioud of dust
Far down the line! A daring, solitary
Horseman gallops up between two lines
Of living steel. His glistening sabre flashes
In the light; a bullet ploughs its way
Across his cheek, another through his coat!
The battle lulls; the fighting ceases; they stand
Amazed, astounded at such bravery.
He checks his foaming steed; the one word, "Halt!"
Escapes his parted lips. The echo rings
Across the field, the moving line of blue
Is swaying, tottering, now—it halts.
A death-like stillness reigns, a calm pervades
The air. Then suddenly a gleam of steel!
A sabre flashes! "Charge!" The stern command
Goes ringing through; the blue line moves
As with a single soul. Ten thousand guns
Leap up, a ringing cheer resounds! They fire!
They charge! The red coats fall, the day is won
For freedom and the name of Washington
Is writ in characters of living fire
Upon the hearts of men forever more.

The Collegian.

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THE STAFF.

EUGENE W. PRUITT, Editor-in-Chief.

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W. RAYMOND MOODY, ETHEL COOPER, } Literary.
LYDIA JONES. Religious.
LUCY GYWN BRANHAM, Social.
JAMES W. JOHNS, Athletic.
ROBT. EARLE GREENLEE, Humorous.
JOHN R. BRITTINGHAM, Alumni.
E. G. BREEDING, Inter. Collegiate.

ALBERT D. MACKEY, Business Manager.
B. TREW DURDING, Asst. Business Manager.

IN AN EDITORIAL WAY.

The examinations over, the spring term begun, the students seem to be getting down to hard work. The opening of this term means much for some of us. Those who are now on the last lap of the course should realize more than any others what this term means. It means both the happiest and saddest days of their lives. While they will have the pleasure of receiving the highest honors in the power of the institution to give, they will of course feel sorry to leave their college friends, some of whom they may never see again. May these last few months be spent by them in such a manner that they may be always able to look back upon them with pleasure.

We read with much regret the account of the burning of McDowell Hall, St. John's College, and wish to extend our sympathy to the faculty, students, and alumni of our sister college, upon the loss of such an old and historic building. While a better and more magnificent structure may be erected on the site of the old one, the old memories and associations will not cling around its walls and

corridors. From this standpoint the alumni of St. John's coming back to visit the old familiar scenes of their college days will feel the loss of this old building more than any others. We are especially interested in McDowell Hall, because the corner-stone of the original structure of our own college was laid by Wm. Paca, who also laid the corner-stone of the main building on the St. John's campus. Both buildings were destroyed by fire, though our own original building has been gone for such a time, since 1841, that its exis tence has almost been forgotten. McDowell Hall has stood for more than a century, and during this time within its walls a great influence has been exerted on many young minds. This building was one of the landmarks of Annapolis, for it served to remind the people of old Colonial days.

While the Collegian wants all the material it can possibly obtain, still it desires that this material shall be entirely original. We wish to warn all writers for the Collegian against handing in stories the plots of which and even perhaps the exact wording is like that of some story the student may have read. If such a thing escapes notice for the time being, do not think that it will not be discovered at all. We regret to say that just that kind of a story was published in the January number of the Collegian. The editors did not discover that the story was not original until it had gone to press. One of our exchanges has, however, criticised us very severely, and we must admit very justly, for letting it occur, and it will be necessary for the exchange editor of the Collegian to apologize for this misdeed by one of the contributors to its columns.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking those of the alumni who have taken an interest in the Collegian. We are sorry to say, however, that the paper has not been so ardently supported as it might have been by the alumni. Some of them have written us congratulating us on the paper, others have written rather unfavorable letters, while the majority have kept silence altogether. We appreciate very much any letters that we may receive from any alumnus, for we would like to see at least the majority of our alumni, subscribers to the Collegian in the near future. We had hoped to see this come to pass this year, but we have met with very limited success. Perhaps the task has been too much for us and perhaps we have failed to make the paper interesting to the alumni. If we have failed in this way we would be glad if any of the alumni could offer suggestions.

ATHLETICS.

EDITED BY J. W. JOHNS, '09.

The outlook for the coming baseball season is a promising one. About the middle of last month the candidates for the team were called out for light gymnasium and track work. Twenty-two men responded, among whom were six of last year's team, Pruitt, Cross, Jump, Turner, Knotts and Johns. Several of the new men are showing up well and give promise of "making good" this season. Among these are Porter, Noonan, Kelley, Baden, Metcalf, Colbourne, Meegan, Morton and Hayes.

With so many of the old men back this year and such promising material, under the leadership of Captain Pruitt, our star third-baseman, and the efficient coaching of Prof. M. J. Thompson, head coach, Washington should have one of the best teams that she has had for years.

Manager Moody has arranged a schedule of twenty-five games with some of the best teams in the East. This schedule includes several very good trips. Such a schedule should make every man play ball to win all the time, so that at the end of the season we may look back with pride upon the record made by our team. Manager Moody is to be congratulated upon his patience and perseverance and the excellent schedule which is the fruit of his untiring efforts.

The students are taking a great interest in track athletics this year. Every afternoon the candidates for the team may be seen on the athletic field in their running togs getting in shape for some of the big meets to be held in the spring.

After many years of pleasant rivalry between the two institutions, St. John's College has decided to suspend all athletic relations with Washington on the charge of rowdyism, ungentlemanly conduct, etc. This charge is too ridiculous to dispute or deny, and we are perfectly willing to allow our disinterested rivals to pass their own judgment upon us. Did St. John's really believe that this was the real cause of the break, or did they fear defeat and loss of prestige at our hands this spring in baseball and next fall in football?

BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

	MARCH.	WASHINTON VS.		
1	Friday, 26th,	Villa Nova,	at	Chestertown
2	Saturday, 27th,	Villa Nova,	"	"
	APRIL.			
3	Saturday, 3rd,	Delaware,	"	"
4	Monday, 5th, (pending)	Revenue Cadets,	'	Arundel Grove
5	Tuesday, 6th,	Georgetown University,	"	Washington
6	Wednesday, 7th,	Gallaudet	"	"
7	Saturday, 10th, (pending)	Penn. State College,	"	Chestertown
8	Monday, 12th,	Manhattan,	"	Chestertown
9	Tuesday, 13th,	Gettysburg,	"	Chestertown
10	Saturday, 17th,	Gallaudet,	"	Chestertown
11	Saturday, 24th,	Johns Hopkins University,	"	"
	MAY.			
12	Saturday, 1st,	University of Maryland,	"	"
13	Thursday, 6th,	Villa Nova,	"	Villa Nova
14	Friday, 7th,	Mt. St. Mary's College,	"	Emmittsburg
15	Saturday, 8th,	Gettysburg College,	"	Gettysburg
16	Wednesday, 12th,	Eastern College,	"	Chestertown
17	Saturday, 15th,	Md. Agricultural College,	"	"
18	Friday, 21st,	Western Maryland "	"	"
19	Saturday, 29th,	West Chester N. School,	"	"
	JUNE.			
20	Thursday, 3rd, (pending)	Maryland Athletic Club	"	Baltimore
21	Friday, 4th,	Mt. St. Joseph's College,	"	Baltimore
22	Saturday, 5th	Rock Hill,	"	Ellicott City
23	Wednesday, 8th,	Ursinus College,	"	Collegeville, Pa
24	Saturday, 12th,	Mt. Washington Club,	"	Chestertown
25	Monday, 14th,	Mt. St. Joseph's College,	"	"
26	Wednesday, 16th,	Alumni,	"	"

RELIGIOUS.

Y. W. C. A.

EDITED BY LYDIA JONES, '09, N.

The new term's work has begun under the direction of the new officers who met and discussed new plans and appointed new committees for carrying on the work of the association. Let us all take up the work and encourage our new president by attending every meeting.

This month's meetings have been very interesting. One was led by the Junior Normal Class, the topic being "For Love's Sake." Nearly all the members of the class took an active part and everybody enjoyed the meeting, showing that we can make them a success if we try.

SOCIAL NOTES.

EDITED BY LUCY GYWN BRANHAM, '11.

Dr. Madden, of Brooklyn, N. Y., spent a day at college with his son.

Mr. Geist visited his daughter at Normal Hall during the past month.

Miss E. M. Townsend spent Tuesday following the examinations in Wilmington.

Mr. T. K. Bordley, '08, spent several days with his parents in Chestertown last month, and visited his Alma Mater.

Miss Edith Denny spent several days at her home in Queenstown immediately after the examinations.

Mr. Chester Atwood, of New York City, entered college at the beginning of the spring term.

Miss Frances Morris, of the Junior Normal Class, re-entered college at the beginning of the spring term. She has lately recovered from an attack of typhoid fever.

Miss Florence Bishop, '06, N., and Miss Jane Rochester, '08, N., visited Miss Mabel Jefferson at Normal Hall, and attended the second college hop on the 13th.

The Misses Ethel Donoho and Mina Robinson, of Seaford, Del., visited the college on the 13th and attended the hop.

Messrs. Henry Wilson, '08, T. M. Breeding, ex-'10, and Johnathan Hughes, ex-'10, attended the hop.

Mr. Ruskin B. Warren was called home for a week during the past month in order to attend the funeral of his mother at Cambridge, Md.

The one hundredth anniversay of the birth of Abraham Lincoln was very appropriately celebrated in the college chapel on Friday, Feb. 12. Very instructive and interesting addresses upon Lincoln's ancestry and environment and its effect upon his life, and the elements of his greatness were delivered to the students by Dr. Cain, Dr. Gault and Professor Neilson.

The first of the series of lectures to be given this term was delivered on Feb. 5th, by E. F. Phillips, Ph. D., in charge of Agriculture, Bureau of Entomology, Washington, D. C. His lecture, "The Honey Bee, its Habits and Usefulness to Man," was of interest to all and especially to the Freshman, who have just completed the study of zoology.

The second of this series of lectures was delivered February 15 by Edmund Otis Hovey, Ph. D., Associate Curator, American Museum of National History, New York city. Dr. Hovey is a classmate of our President, Dr. Cain. His address, "Mt. Pele and the destruction of St. Pierre, Martinique," was especially interesting, since Dr. Hovey was one of a party of scientists sent there to observe the ruins and for the purpose of making examinations into the nature and cause of the eruption shortly after the terrible disaster took place. Both lectures were well attended by the townspeople as well as the college students and faculty.

The second college hop of the scholastic year took place in the gymnasium on Saturday evening, Feb. 13th. The music consisted of four pieces, the violin, cornet, harp and drum. The latest popular airs were played and the music was much better than ever before. The gymnasium was tastefully decorated with pennants, flags and bunting, and in one corner was a large heart made up of red electric lights. Those on the reception committee were: Mrs. Robert H. Gault and Mr. Albert H. Porter, member of the students arrangement committee.

HUMOROUS.

EDITED BY R. EARLE GREENLEE, '10.

Student (translating German)—"Nothing was more pleasinger to him than——''

Prof.—"Mr. C—, give an example of a minus quantity."
Mr. C.—"I loaned G—a dollar."

Prof.—"'Why is Greek similar to a cemetery?"
Student—"Because its language is dead."

Voss (reading French) pronouncing *bien ici je suis*, "bonn iky jack Susie."

A Normal student was asked while getting off the train if she might be helped to alight.
"No," she frigidly replied "I don't smoke."

Prof.—"When a man's wife dies, what does he immediately do?"
Prep—"He begins to sit up and take notice."

One of the Sophomores had been repeatedly teasing a Junior about his cork foot. At last the exasperated Junior said, "Why do you keep mentioning my weak point? I never say anything about your head."

One of the boarders in West Hall dining-room as the tea cakes were placed on the table—"Please pass me the paper weights."

Junior Normal at dinner—"Please pass me one of the outside dishes."

B.—"Where do you keep your love letters?"
"V.—"In my Bible."
B.—"Why do you keep them there?"
V.—"So I wont see them."

Prof.—"Do you stammer all the time, Mr. C——?"
Mr. C.—"N-n-n-n-o, I only st-st-stammer when I t-t-t-talk."

Prof.—"A fool can ask questions a wise man can't answer."
"Student—"I guess that's why we all flunkled last term."
Prof. (disgusted and out of patience)—"Wise men hesitate; fools are certain."
Student—"Are you sure?"
"Prof.—"I am certain."

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES.

Senior Class—(No Eve), Adam.
Junior Class—Rebecca, Cain.
Sophomore Class—Hannah, Abraham.
Freshman Class—Mary, Hezekiah.

EXCHANGES.

EDITED BY E. G. BREEDING, '09.

Many very creditable exchanges have reached the editors of the Collegian, and we are glad to know that students in the various colleges are beginning to realize the value of this monthly publication and devote much of their time in writing poems, essays, stories, orations, etc.

Again we wish to congratulate the editors of the *Southern Collegian* for their noble efforts. This monthly is one of the best we receive and contains everything that should be expected from an editorial staff of students. "A Delayed Performance" is a very interesting story throughout, and, like other articles by the same author, is of a high literary character. Many well written articles and poems are contained in this issue.

We welcome the *Fordham Monthly* in our midst, and certainly cannot agree with one of our exchanges in saying that this monthly is not up to standard. We do think that there should be more contributions from the students, and still, we are glad to see that many of the alumni take such an active part. However, the issue is quite a creditable one.

The *Mountaineer* does much credit to its college. Its articles show that the students spend much time and thought in preparing them. There is only one thing that is lacking in the paper, and that is—we do not find much, if any, poetry. This surely adds a great deal of life to any kind of a magazine, and when it is omitted, it is in every case the first thing to be noticed.

The *Agnetion Monthly* and the *Delaware College Review* are both worthy of mention, and contain many interesting stories. Other monthlies received were—the *Western Maryland College Monthly* and *Talisman*, Florida *College for Women*.

CALENDAR.

1908

September 16, Wednesday.....Opening of the college
September 16-19.....Entrance examinations
October 14, Wednesday. Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
November 26, Thursday.....Thanksgiving Recess begins
November 29, Sunday.....Thanksgiving Recess ends
December 22, Tuesday.....Delivery of the Senior Orations
December 23, Wednesday.....Christmas Recess begins

1909

January 5, Tuesday.....Christmas Recess ends
January 13, Wednesday Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
February 3, Wednesday.....Opening of the Spring Term
February 22, Monday.....Washington's Birthday, a holiday
Annual Banquet of the Mt. Vernon Literary Society
March 31, Wednesday.....Observance of Maryland Day
April 6, Tuesday.....Delivery of the Senior Orations
April 7, Wednesday.....Easter Recess begins
April 13, Tuesday.....Easter Recess ends
April 14, Wednesday.....Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
April 30, Friday. Annual Contest of the Intercollegiate Oritorical Association.
May 7, Friday.....Reception by the Adelphia Literary Society
June 2, Wednesday.....Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
June 11, Friday.....Anniversary of the Adelphia Literary Society
June 12, Saturday.....Anniversary of the Pieria Literary Society
June 13, Sunday.....Baccalaureate Sermon
Sermon to the Christian Associations
June 14, Monday.....Senior Normal Class Day
Anniversary of the Mt. Vernon Literary Society
June 15, Tuesday.....Declamation Contest
Alumni Meeting and Banquet
June 19, Wednesday.....Commencement

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APRIL

1909

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LITERARY.

HIS CHUM.

J. R. BADEN, '11.

"All right, fellows! Now all together! One, two, three."

"Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Jefferson! Jefferson!"

The morning train had just deposited its load of Jefferson students and they had given their college yell. There was a general rush for the dormitories. The air was filled with shouts, laughter, songs and yells. All were apparently happy.

Along with this crowd a tall, well-built youth made his way to the office of the president of the college.

"Is this Dr. Fenmore?" he asked, after having been admitted to the president's office.

"Yes, sir," was the president's response.

"My name is Anderson. I came to have a room assigned me."

"Ah, yes! This is Mr. James Anderson, of Bismark, is it not? I am very glad to know you, indeed, Mr. Anderson. Now about your room. You expect to enter what class?"

"Freshman."

"Let me see," said Dr. Fenmore glancing over a list of unoccupied rooms, "for the present I will assign you room 97, McCann Hall. You will probably have a room-mate, as I expect the dormitories will be easily filled this year."

"That will be all right. Thank you, sir," replied Anderson, taking the key of his room.

Having located his room, which was at the very end of a long corridor on the third floor of McCann Hall, Anderson began to wonder what sort of a fellow his room-mate would be, and became curious to see him. He had not long to wait, for no sooner had he seated himself at the table to write a short note to his mother when there came a knock at his door.

In response to his eager invitation a young man of about twenty years entered.

"Is this Mr. Anderson?"

"Yes."

"My name is Parks. Mr. Fenmore sent me here. He said we were to room together."

"All right. Just make yourself at home. We're pretty high up, aren't we?"

"I should say so."

They had talked for some time and were fast becoming acquainted when Parks suddenly exclaimed, "By George! I forgot to have my trunk sent up. Guess I'll slip down and attend to it."

"Just wait a minute until I finish this note and I'll go with you I had forgotten mine too."

While he was writing, Parks was critically surveying him. He found Anderson to be rather tall and broad shouldered, with a very pleasant face, and dark hair. Parks himself was a little heavier than Anderson and his complexion lighter. Presently Parks asked:

"Going to play football?"

"No," answered Anderson. "Are you?"

"Going to try to. Why aren't you going to play? You are big enough."

"Well, you see I am going to work my way through up here, so I will not have much time for athletics. If I can find time I expect to play baseball, however."

Having sent their baggage to their room they spent the rest of the day roaming about the campus, looking through the buildings and becoming acquainted with their fellow-students.

The next morning Anderson entered upon his duties as a waiter in the dining-hall. With his work and entrance examinations the first week passed rapidly. Both he and Parks entered the Freshman class.

The football season began the second week. Parks worked hard on the gridiron, was made a substitute and accompanied the team on all its trips, playing in some of the games. Anderson spent an hour or more each afternoon over his books, thus making up for the time consumed in waiting upon the table.

"Hey, you old book-worm!" shouted Parks one night as he rushed into the room. "Do you know there are only seven more days before we go home for Christmas? Whoope! Got a letter from home just now and they are planning great things for the holidays. Mother says to be sure and bring you along with me."

"Many thanks, Russ, but I can't well do so."

"Why?"

"Well, for one thing, I want to see mother, and another reason is, that I've got a job near home for the holidays—so you see I can't go."

"Work! You don't mean to say you are going to work dur-

ing Christmas week?"

"Certainlv."

"Well, I'll be darned," was all Russ said.

For a long time after going to bed that night Parks lay thinking about what his room-mate had said about working during Christmas holidays. "I wonder," he thought, "if he ever intends to take a real vacation?"

"The holidays came and passed and the boys began to look forward to the next—Easter.

"My girl friend was very much disappointed, Prof., because you did not come home with me. I wont be home Easter, but you must come to see me in the summer."

"Well, Russ, I will come provided you will let me go to see your friend," returned his room-mate.

"Sure, you can go to see her."

"Now, you better watch me or I'll do you."

"All right—help yourself—if you can. Say, Prof., would you like to see her picture?"

"Sure. Let's see it."

"Now, old man, come easy. I've got it in the back of my watch. Will show it to you some time. Don't get impatient."

Spring came, and with its coming the baseball season opened. Both Anderson and Parks worked for the team. Prof. succeeded in making it, proving a valuable addition to the team on account of his hard hitting; but Russ had to be contented with a place on the second team.

At last June came, and with it the final examinations.

"Say, Prof., don't you know I 'flunked out' on that German exam!" exclaimed Russ one evening.

"The deuce you did! I passed in all and am now a Sophomore. Don't mind 'flunking' in German. You can pass it off in September."

Commencement over, the boys left for home, Anderson to work with a dry-goods firm and Parks to enjoy himself just as much as possible during the summer.

About the middle of July Anderson received a letter from Parks asking him to come over to visit him on the first of August. Before replying, he secured a leave of absence for ten days from the firm where he was employed.

"Yes, Anderson," said the manager, "you may go, but be sure to return on time as I want you to keep books for the remainder of the summer. Blackistone leaves on the thirteenth and I want you to take his place. Will you be here?"

"Yes, sir, I will."

Two days before he started for Parks' home in the small town of Clinton he received the following letter from his friend:

DEAR "OLD PROF.:"—What do you think I found out this morning? That there will be an excursion from Bristol to Clairbourne on the first day of August. It will be a fine trip down the river. I want you to join me at Cedar Point and we will go down together. If I don't get a telegram from you I'll expect you at Cedar Point. I intend to keep you on the go as long as you are with me and I know of no better way than to start with the excursion. Are you anxious to get back to old J. C.? I am. I want to get my paddle ready for the Freshmen. Do you remember the night the "Sophs" hazed us last year? Oh, well, we will even up things this fall, wont we, old pal?

Am in an awful rush, so will close now. Will talk over all our plans when I see you. Hoping you will be with me Tuesday, I remain,

Your old room-mate,

RUSS.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that the boat will be due at Cedar Point at 11.45 A. M. T. R. P.

Tuesday morning as Anderson stepped from the 11.30 accommodation train to the station platform at Cedar Point, he was heartily greeted by Parks, who had been waiting for him. As the train was a few minutes late they barely had time to see to Anderson's baggage before the steamer sounded a warning blast. By sprinting they managed to leap aboard of her even as the gang-planks were being pulled in.

They went up on the main deck and were soon in a crowd of jolly young people, chaperoned by a quiet, elderly lady, who was seated some distance away reading. After being introduced to all the young people in the party from Clinton, Anderson took Parks aside and asked, "Look here, Russ, which one of those girls do you lay claim to?"

"Now which one do you think?" was the reply.

"I'd like to know how you expect me to tell. You never would show me her picture or tell me her name."

"Make a guess," laughed Russell.

"Let me see. Is it Miss—er—what's her name? That one with the brown eyes and fluffy hair?"

"You mean Miss Grace Peterson?"

"Yes, Miss Peterson. Is she the one?"

"Nope; guess again."

"Miss Lindsey?"

"Try again."

"Well, Miss Robinson?"

"No; you are no good at guessing at all."

"Well, who is it then? There are three others, but you hardly looked at them."

"Prof., if you must know, she isn't on board,"

"Well, that's nerve! How could you expect me to guess her name if she is not here? Why didn't she come?"

"Her mother did not approve of her coming. Tell you what, old man, you've got to 'toe the mark' when her parents are around."

"I see my finish then," said Anderson, as he went below to join the jolly group on the main deck.

"What have you done with Russell?" asked Miss Peterson as he approached.

"Left him above meditating," said Anderson laughing.

"I guess he is grieving because Madge did not come. Madge is his girl, you know," said Miss Peterson.

"Indeed! Let me see. I just can't think of her last name." he returned, perplexed.

"Littleton—Madge Littleton"—said Miss Peterson without hesitation, not knowing that she was giving Anderson the very information he wanted.

"Oh, yes. Russ thinks a great deal of her, doesn't he?"

Well, I should say so. She likes him, too. It is reported that they are engaged, but I don't believe it."

"I have been teasing him. I have told him I was going to cut——." At this moment Russ joined them.

"Russell, where have you been?" demanded Miss Lindsey.

"Up on the hurricane-deck. You can get a fine view of the country up there. Will you come up?"

"Certainly," said Miss Lindsey.

The party divided into couples and went above. Anderson with Miss Peterson walked back toward the stern.

"I dare you to try to cut Russell out," she said in a low voice, her eyes dancing. "Madge is worth trying for. She is the pick of the town."

"You dare me, do you? All right, I hate to take a dare, so I am going to do all I can to cut him out, just to tease him."

"I'll wager that you will soon be trying to cut him out for Madge herself."

"No danger of that. Never had a girl in my life. I am bashful when around the ladies."

"You appear to be," said his companion sarcastically. "Well, what will you wager?"

"Five pounds of Huylers against a Jefferson College pillow."

"All right, that suits me. I don't mind laying a wager when

I know I'll win," said Miss Peterson.

"I am just as confident of winning as you are," he returned.

At that moment Parks called out: "Now, look here, Prof., that wont do. You can't steal a girl like that. Come on to lunch. We have been waiting for half an hour."

About four o'clock the boat ran alongside the pier at Clairbourne. Clairbourne was a pretty village lying at the base of a rocky cliff on Clairborne Island. The party was soon upon the street, Parks having been there several times before, acting as guide.

"Would you like to go up on "High Rock," Prof? You can get a fine view from there."

"Very much, but can the ladies climb?"

"Oh, yes! We've all been up there except Grace," exclaimed Miss Lindsey.

They were soon climbing up the path leading to the summit of the cliff. At first the ascent was easy, but soon the path became steep and rocky. The young men had to lift the ladies over the larger rocks. The summit was presently gained and all were breathing hard. When they had regained their breath, they stepped to a railing which ran around a cliff.

"Oh! isn't this perfectly grand! Can you imagine anything like it?" cried Miss Peterson to Anderson, who was standing near.

"It is beautiful," he returned.

It was indeed beautiful. Five hundred feet below them, on the left, rolled the lordly Mississippi; in front, the picturesque Clairbourne, dotted with its numberless little islands. Just beyond them the two rivers united and swept as one to the sunny waters of the South. On the left bank of the Clairbourne rose a grand range of mountains. These were covered with forests up to the line of perpetual snows. The afternoon's sun had just dropped below the summits of the great hills and their peaks were turned into mountains of gold. For a time the little party, on the summit of "High Rock," gazed upon this magnificent, awe-inspiring sight without a word. Parks was the first to break the silence.

"We must hurry back," he said. "It is getting dark and the boat is due to leave in half an hour."

The spell broken, they all began to chat gaily as they hurried down the steep path, reaching the boat without mishap. The return trip was even more beautiful than the trip down. A summer moon sent its silver rays over the river. Various amusements were indulged in during the evening. Some danced, some played cards, while others strolled about the decks or leaned against the railing and watched the silvery wake of the steamer. It was nearly twelve o'clock when Clinton was reached.

After the rest of their party started for their homes, the two young men made their way to the garage. Jumping into Park's machine they were soon at home, which was only two miles from the pier. Parks drew a bunch of keys from his pocket and opened the front door. "Let's go to the dining-room. I'm hungry." As he opened the door they entered the room and found a substantial meal had been left on the table for them. While eating Anderson glanced about him. The room was richly furnished. Evidently the Parks' were wealthy. In days gone by Anderson had known this, too, but five years before his father had failed in business and his wealth had been devoured by creditors. Mrs. Anderson had a considerable sum in bank which supported them for a time. Mr. Anderson, however, did not long sustain the shock. Thrown entirely upon their own resources, mother and son, were compelled to sell their luxurious home and take humbler quarters. James worked and they managed to live without want—though not as they had been accustomed to live.

"Mother," said James one day, "I want an education. I want to go to college."

"My son, I wish I could afford a send you to college, but unfortunately I am not able."

"I know that, mother, but I intend to work my way through."

Having ascertained that Jefferson College offered the best opportunity for working one's way he had entered there, as we have seen at the beginning of our story. His mother's small income enabled her to live comfortably, though plainly.

Thus Anderson seeing again the signs of wealth forgot himself in thoughts of the happy past.

"Wake up, Prof. You look as solemn as an owl. What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I was only thinking——"

"Only thinking what?"

"Why—er—I was thinking of the time before father died. Somehow this reminds me of our old home."

"Oh ! I see."

Anderson quickly turned their thoughts into other channels by referring to the excursion. Having finished their supper they retired. Both the boys were tired and soon fell asleep.

The boys did not get up until eleven o'clock and when they entered the dining-room the family had already assembled for lunch. Introductions followed. Anderson found Mr. Parks to be a large, broad-shouldered man of about fifty years, with a jovial manner. His wife was a small, sweet-faced woman a few years younger than he. There were only two children—Russell and Florence. Flor-

ence was tall and slender and just eighteen.

Florence, Anderson and Parks spent the afternoon horse back riding, returning home in time for dinner. After dinner Parks and Anderson started for the Littleton home.

Ten minutes later they stopped before a large house. "Well, Prof., here we are! Now for the fun!" said Parks. Then seeing a car near by, his brow became dark, and he muttered something under his breath.

"What's the matter, Russ?"

"That idiot Maxwell is here tonight. I hate him; he is always butting-in."

Parks did not like Robert Maxwell because he was a constant caller at the Littleton home.

"Say, Prof.," if I can't talk to Madge to-night, neither shall Maxwell. You begin to talk to her and I'll try Maxwell. It will be a dose, but I guess I can do anything once."

"All right, but you will have to watch me, otherwise you may soon be asking Maxwell to help you," laughed Prof.

The servant who answered their ring showed them in without hesitation as Parks was well known to him. They were ushered into the library. A girl rose from the divan and advanced toward them. She was tall and bore herself with a queenly air, possessed of an abundance of chestnut brown hair and a not beautiful but exceedingly attractive face. Dark velvety eyes shown from under long drooping lashes. She was indeed attractive.

(To be continued.)

ENID'S SACRIFICE.

ETHEL COOPER, '09, N.

"What shall we do? We want to let Enid have all the advantages Aunt Mary can give her, but it is hard to let her go." Robert Markham sighed helplessly, as he always did. Indecision was his chief characteristic as well as that of his patient, hard-working little wife. They dearly loved their children, however, and were always planning great things for them in their humble way. Enid, a pretty girl of sixteen, was the mainstay of the family. To her the boys came for help in making kites; the girls, for doll's dresses. And now had come this letter from Aunt Mary, their one rich relative, whom none of them had ever seen, offering to adopt Enid.

"Should they let her go or not?" They could not decide, and finally agreed to leave it to their daughter.

That night Enid sat in the window of her tiny, little room,

looking out on the moonlit world, dreaming dreams and building air castles. She saw herself a beautiful and admired woman, as in imagination she lived her future life. She would travel abroad and princes would be at her feet. All the gay world would be hers. She would never know a heartache. Finally she would meet her true Prince and they would be happy forever. Her father and mother——. Her dream was broken as she thought of them, for she knew too well her value to them.

Her soul rose in rebellion. "It's not fair. Why can't I have a good time like other girls?" she thought, and when morning came she had decided to go out into the wonderful, enchanted land of her dreams.

Could this be Enid Markham? she wondered a few weeks later, as seated on a train for the first time, she was being hurried to her new home. This girl, so trimly dressed in the new blue serge suit, the smart hat and dainty gloves. She had never had so many new things in all her life. Mr. and Mrs. Markham had come to the station to see her off. She could see them still. Her father, stoop-shouldered, dressed in overalls and leather boots; her mother untidy looking—her waist and shirt never on good terms—the children barefooted and dirty faced. How far away they all seemed. Never any more of that for her !

The journey came to an end all too soon for her, because she felt a little frightened when she thought of that aunt whom she had never seen. "Suppose I don't like her, and worse still, suppose she doesn't like me !" she thought.

When she reached her aunt's home she was told that Miss Carr would see her in an hour and was shown to her room at once. Such a beautiful room she had never seen before. She enjoyed looking at its dainty, luxurious fittings very much, but it could not keep her from feeling lonely and strange. How she wanted to go home !

A tap at the door interrupted her and a voice said, "Miss Carr is ready." So tremblingly she went into her aunt's presence. That old lady had the gout and it made her terrible at times to all those around her. Enid was a pathetic little figure as she stood there and the heart of the old woman softened, but just then a twinge of pain made her unusually grouchy.

"So you're the girl," she said disagreeably. "Humph !"

Enid's heart went down almost to her shoes. "Yes, aunt," she managed to whisper.

"Don't 'yes, aunt,' me," snapped her unpleasant relative. "Do something ! Don't stare at me ! Don't you know how to sit down?"

Tears came into the poor girl's eyes as she sat down. Her lips quivered and how she wanted to be home.

By way of carrying on further conversation the old lady started off, "What an idiot your father was to send such a baby here alone!"

Anger dried the tears in Enid's eyes. "Aunt Mary leave my father alone," she began.

"Tut, tut, girl," the old lady said in a much kinder tone and began to like Enid at once for that flash of spirit.

From that time on nothing was too good for the girl. She was sent to school, handsome clothing bought for her, and was given everything her heart could wish.

On her eighteenth birthday her aunt had a ball for her. "My nephew, your future husband, will be here tonight," her aunt told Enid.

Enid gasped. "I didn't know you had a nephew."

"Well, you know it now. If you marry you shall have my fortune; if not, neither of you shall have a penny. Go. Get ready."

Enid went. She always obeyed the sharp-spoken old lady whose bark, she had learned, was worse than her bite.

As a matter of fact, the nephew never came to the ball. He was delayed. A letter came the next day explaining his absence, but that did not prevent Enid from thoroughly enjoying the evening, as she laughed and danced to her heart's content.

No one would have thought that the gay, radiant young creature, was the same pitiful, little country girl of two years before. But her happiness was not to last; for a few days later came a telegram telling her that her mother was very ill. She hurried home, to the squalid little house, so narrow and comfortless—she who was used to her aunt's luxurious home; to the little flock of children, still barefooted and dirty. Not a thing was changed. Her mother lived only a few days after she came, never knowing her, nor speaking her name.

Then it was that the problem of the future faced her. Her duty was there with the helpless children, with her equally helpless father. She rebelled less against the thought of her duty than the knowledge that they all took it as a matter of course, thinking nothing of her sacrifice. To make matters worse, a letter came from her aunt, disowning her if she did not come back; "I'll hire a housekeeper for that miserable tribe if you'll come back. You're to be Stephen Carr's wife. They've no claim on you. If you do not come now, you cannot come at all." Every one made it so hard for her but she knew what was right and determined to do it at

any cost. She replied to that effect and was surprised one day to see Aunt Mary come in. How glad she was to see the gruff, sharp but dearly beloved aunt. But best of all were her words of praise which she so seldom spoke.

"My dear, brave girl! Don't you know that if you had wanted to come back, I wouldn't have allowed you to do it. I was only testing your unselfishness and whenever you are ready to come to me you will be welcome."

Enid's life was made much easier by these words and by the magic salve of dollars which Miss Carr used unsparingly for her beloved neice's com- fort, and for the comfort of the rest of the family.

A year had passed when one day Mr. Markham came home, accompanied by a woman whom he presented as Enid's mother. At last Enid's path was clear. She was free to go where her heart already was and she lost no time in going. It was sweet to be back once more, scolded by irrepressible Aunt Mary, but always having her own way in the end.

There she soon met Stephen Carr who had been described as her future husband and after a time the darling wish of Aunt Mary's heart was fulfilled. Then, at last, did Enid find the magic land of which she had dreamed.

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THE STAFF.

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JOHN R. BRITTINGHAM, Alumni.
E. G. BREEDING, Inter. Collegiate.

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IN AN EDITORIAL WAY.

With the coming of the Easter holidays the Collegian wishes all its friends and subscribers, undergraduates and alumni a very pleasant holiday. Let us not forget Him who died for us and rose again from the dead in order that we might be saved. In the midst of our pleasures while at our homes let our thoughts ever turn to our Saviour, Jesus of Nazareth.

The course of six lectures, given in the auditorium of William Smith Hall, was a very entertaining as well as instructive course. It was given primarily for the benefit of the students, to acquaint them with subjects not laid down in the college curriculum, and to broaden their minds by bringing them into contact with the learned men who delivered the lectures. Besides being entertaining, these lectures made very pleasant breaks in the monotony and humdrum of college life from Christmas until Easter.

With the opening of the baseball season the necessity of electing or appointing a yell-master makes itself apparent. We do not think it was because of any lack of college spirit that the students have not supported the team as they should have done, but that it was for want of a leader. The "rooting gang" should be organized as soon as possible with a good, capable leader, and one who will get out some new yells. The cheering at the football games last season was very good and let us not be less enthusiastic over our baseball games. The whole student body showed good spirit dur ing the month of February when it unanimously voted its willingness to have the athletic fee doubled. This willingness was in due manner made known to the Board of Governors and Visitors and the fee was doubled by them. At the same meeting of the Athletic Association various amendments to the constitution of the association, the two most important of which provided for awarding W's on a different basis, and for electing the assistant manager of all athletic teams. All the amendments proposed were adopted in a later meeting.

All of our alumni and students know that our college was founded in 1782, but we are sure that very few know how Washington stands with regard to age among the many other colleges in the country. For the benefit of all those who may not know how old Washington stands, we have published the following arti cle from the *Brown Alumni Monthly*.

THE TWELVE OLDEST COLLEGES.

Of the 453 American colleges, the following are the first twelve with regard to age:

1636—Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
1693—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
1701—Yale University, New Haven, Conn.
1740—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
1746—Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.
1749—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
1754—Columbia University, New York, N. Y.
1764—Brown University, Providence, R. I.
1766—Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.
1769—Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. J.
1782—Washington College, Chestertown, Md.
1783—Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.

ATHLETICS.

EDITED BY JAS. W. JOHNS.

Washington, 7; Villa Nova, 11.

The baseball season opened on Friday, March twenth-sixth, the first game being with Villa Nova. Considering the lack of practice and the strength of the opposing team, the showing made by Washington was an excellent one and promises much for one of the most successful seasons that we have ever had.

Washington scored six runs in the eighth inning by hard and consecutive hitting, together with a few free passes, while most of Villa Nova's runs were scored by bunching hits with the home team's errors.

Morton pitched a good game for Washington, while Savage and Walsh starred for Villa Nova. The score is as follows:

Washington College.	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Cross, c	4	1	0	3	2	1
Morton, p	5	1	0	0	2	0
Pruitt, 3b	5	1	1	1	7	2
Noonan, s. s	5	0	0	0	5	1
Turner, l. f	3	2	2	0	0	0
Jump, c. f	3	1	1	1	0	0
Knotts, 2b	4	0	1	2	3	5
Porter, 1b	3	0	0	19	0	0
Colbourne, r. f	2	0	0	0	0	0
Johns, r. f	0	1	0	1	0	0
	34	7	5	27	19	9

Villa Nova.	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Savage, 2b	5	3	2	2	2	0
Skelton, 3b	5	0	1	1	4	0
Walsh. 1b	4	1	2	14	0	0
Dworske, c	5	0	0	4	2	0
Monahan, c. f	3	1	0	1	0	0
Kane, s. s	5	0	0	3	4	1
Barr, l. f.,p	5	1	1	2	0	1
Legge, r. f	4	4	2	0	0	0
Schuerholz, p	2	0	0	0	1	0
Kragle, p. l. f	3	1	2	0	2	0
	41	11	10	27	15	2

SCORE BY INNINGS:

W. C	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	0	— 7
Villa Nova	1	2	1	0	0	1	1	2	3	—11

Umpire—Vickers.

Washington, 4; Villa Nova, 10.

On Saturday, March twenty-seventh, Villa Nova and Washington played the second game of the series here. Several good plays were made by both teams, and with the exception of the seventh inning the game was much better played than that of the day before.

Baden and Cross played an excellent game for Washington. The batting of Dworske for Villa Nova was a feature. The score is

as follows:

Washington College.	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	Villa Nova.	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Cross, c	4	1	2	6	1	0	Savage, 2b	4	0	0	2	4	0
Morton, r. f	4	1	0	2	0	0	Doudican, 3b	4	2	1	1	4	0
Pruitt, 3b	4	0	0	0	3	2	Walsh, 1b	5	2	2	14	0	1
Noonan, s. s	3	0	0	1	2	1	Dworske, c	4	2	3	5	0	2
Turner, l. f	3	1	1	2	0	0	Monahan, c. f	4	2	1	0	0	0
Jump, c. f	3	0	0	3	0	0	Kane, s. s	5	0	1	2	0	0
Knotts, 2b	3	0	1	2	3	2	Barr, l. f	4	1	1	2	0	0
Porter, 1b	4	0	1	11	1	2	Legge, r. f	2	1	0	0	0	0
Baden, p	4	1	1	0	4	1	Barry, p	3	0	1	1	7	0
	32	4	6	27	14	8		35	10	10	27	15	3

SCORE BY INNINGS:

W. C.	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	1	0	—4
Villa Nova	0	0	2	1	2	0	5	0	0	—10

Umpire—Vickers.

RELIGIOUS.

Y. M. C. A. AND BIBLE STUDY.

C. T. RYAN, '11.

The association has found that establishing a series of Bible classes in an institution where Bible study is optional is no small task. We worked, and we planned, but succeeded in establishing only two classes: one sophomore and one preparatory.

The reason that the influence of the Bible over our students is less marked than it should be is simply that they do not apply the same intense study to it as they devote to other work. The Bible needs the earnest attention of every one in college.

The members of those two classes do not find that it takes too much of their time. We may have to sacrifice some of our recreation period, but self-sacrifice, which at first seems hard, by practice, soon becomes a pleasure. Coming in contact every day with a great personality like Jesus of Nazareth gives us inspiration and joy.

Our aim is to make this system of voluntary Bible study a growth. Next year we intend to use the men of this year's training as a means to organize other classes and so on until every man in Washington College is a Bible student.

Some of our men began the study densely ignorant of Bible history and the great teaching of this Book, but they are now beholding His glory.

EDITED BY LYDIA JONES, '09, N.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The mid-year conference under the direction of the Territorial Committee of the Young Woman's Christian Association of Delaware, Maryland and Pennsylvania was held this year from March 5th to 7th, at Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa. Through the earnest working of our leaders we were able to send two delegates, and they have brought home to us many thoughts and suggestions for our new year's work. From their reports we can readily see how the Y. W. C. A. work in our territory is steadily increasing and that more and more college girls are leading a life for Christ and are striving to lead others to him. The most important features of the conference were the missionary meetings. Many young college women have given their lives to work in missionary fields. Since the conference our Y. W. C. A. has organized a missionary society under the supervision of the missionary committee. With such and other inspirations given by the delegates we hope to make the year a real rally year and one of the most successful in the history of the association.

ALUMNI NOTES.

EDITED BY J. R. BRITTINGHAM, '07.

Mr. E. A. Howard, '05, visited college on the 12th of March.

Mr. Vaughn Rue Truitt, '07, came the 12th of March to take a part of his examinations for an M. A. degree.

Miss M. C. Hadaway, '08, N., paid a visit to Normal Hall on the 27th of March.

Miss Ruth A. Clauson, '08, vice-principal of Seaford High School, and Mrs. Hilda Howards Bounds '07, N., of Quantico, Md., spent two days in Chestertown and visited college during the past month.

Mr. Littleton Moore, of Betterton, Md., and a former student of the college, came in to see the Villa Nova games on the 26th and 27th of March. He will act as assistant base ball coach until the middle of April, when he will go to Fall River, Mass.

Rev. Dr. James T. Lesalle died in Baltimore last month. He was a graduate of our college in the class of '55. He was a Methodist Protestant minister and held several charges on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. A good man, an excellent minister, and spoken well of by all those who knew him, and especially in the localities on the Eastern Shore where he preached for many years.

SOCIAL NOTES.

EDITED BY LUCY GYWN BRANHAM, '11.

The Mt. Vernon Literary Society held its sixty-second reception Monday, February twenty-second, at 8 o'clock, in the Library of William Smith Hall. At 9 o'clock the guests went to the West Hall dining-room, where they were served with chicken salad, cream and coffee. The dining-room was decorated in evergreen. Groups of chairs were bound together by artistic coils of maroon and black bunting. Pennants and flags adorned the walks and pillows were arranged on cosy, little seats.

Miss Reed spent several days at her home, Reed's Grove.

Mr. Griffin received a bad cut on the head and was confined to his room for several days last month.

The Misses Stoops and Geist attended the Y. W. C. A. Conference at Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, from March the fifth to March the eighth.

The girls returned with interesting accounts of the life at Wilson as well as the association life at the other Northern colleges.

A commission, interested in the rebuilding of DcDowell Hall, St. John's College, came to inspect William Smith Hall, and the other college buildings, March 19.

The third of the series of lectures was delivered Friday, Feb. 26, by Samuel C. Schmucker, Ph. D., L.L. D., Professor of Biology, Westchester Normal School, Pennsylvania. His address was not only interesting because of his vivid descriptions of "Our Little Brothers of the Air" and their habits, but for the humor and charming delivery of the speaker himself.

The fourth of the series of lectures by Rev. Hiram W. Kellogg, D. D., L.L. D., Wilmington, Delaware, was fully as entertaining as the third. The subject, "Nature's Greatest Challenge to Man," was illustrated by a most interesting and beautiful set of stereoptican views of Yellow Stone Park and other picturesque spots in the Northwest Territory.

A lecture on "A Visit to the Balkan Peninsula and Dalmatia" was delivered in the auditorium March 19 by Joseph S. Ames, Ph. D., L.L. D., Professor of Physics and Director of the Physical Labratory of Johns Hopkins University. Many of the townspeople as well as the students were present as Dr. Ames gave an address at the dedication of William Smith Hall on the hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the college. His lecture was very interesting and instructive.

HUMOROUS.

EDITED BY R. E. GREENLEE, '10.

Voss—"I certainly would like to know what rascal has donated my ink."

Latin Student—"Doctor, who wrote Virgil?"

Why has Crouch's voice changed to alto?

Mackey—"Cross, you haven't any sense or you wouldn't have had your hair cut that way."

Cross—"It looks as though I had fifteen cents, doesn't it?"

Student relating some of his adventures in society circles—"Now, Cim, be sure to corporate all my statements."

Stranger (to Johnson)—"Young man, is this Chestertown?"
Johnson—"Well, it used to was."

Alumnus—"Krantz, what are you doing with yourself this year?"
Krantz—"Why, I am acting as a special substitute."

The editor would advise B. A. Johnson, when calling at a Doctor's home in the future, to be sure to tell the Doctor whom he wishes to see, otherwise he may place himself in an embarassing position.

EXCHANGES.

EDITED BY E. G. BREEDING, '09.

"Improvement wherever noted calls forth a certain degree of pleasure and satisfaction, however slight or gradual be the advance toward the desired standard, and causes one to wonder whether he, likewise, has accomplished aught through fault-finding. Credit must be given in every case possible. If, then, fault-finding is an indirect way of giving credit and encouragement, its value is appreciable. Fault-finding must be brought into play, where, by so doing, improvement is to result."

The above is the idea of the editors of the *Mountaineer* and with this end in view, let us all take and give criticism in good spirit, for others can show us mistakes better than we can see them ourselves.

The editors of the *Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian* February number, called our attention to the fact that an article entitled "When Latin Interfered," published in our January issuse, had previously

appeared in one of the popular magazines under the name of "Deficient in Cæsar." We were very glad to have our friends call our attention to the fact, and had we known the circumstances at the time, we would not have published the article, and we beg to apologise for having done so.

The Western Maryland College Monthly is a very creditable issue for March. "Our Political Awakening" is very good, and the writer treats his subject in a masterly way. The facts brought out are certainly true to the condition of the times. "The Legend of Hell Point" was especially interesting to our readers from the fact that mention is made of the beautiful Chester River which our college buildings overlook. The entire plot is laid in our own vicinity and, in all probability, the story is true.

Only one objectionable feature appears in this monthly. It contains some very, very old and worn-out jokes.

The Southern Collegian contains much instructive and interesting reading, and some of its articles can well be classed among a high type of Literature.

"'Mid Mountain Shadows" in February number of the *Mountaineer* is worthy of praise. The readers attention is very closely held throughout the story. Other commendable articles appear in this issue. As for its poetry, there is a little room for improvement, although the "Sonnets" are very well written.

There is a slight chance for improvement in *The Delaware College Review*. Only three short articles appear, however, one, "Nature as Seen in a Marsh," is a good article, and the author treats his subject well.

Many high tributes to Edgar Allan Poe appear within the pages of our contemporaries. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon this Maryland poet. Although he had his peculiar characteristics, he was surely possesed of great artistic ability, and many of his verses are on the tongues of every school boy today.

A most interesting tribute to Edgar Allan Poe is found in *The Agnetian Monthly* for February. After giving the main facts of this poet's life, the author points out the elements of greatness in Poe's works. In the closing lines of this eulogy, the author quotes most feelingly: "Let the just and generous pause before they judge, and upon their lips the breath of condemnation will soften into a sigh of sympathy and regret."

Among the exchanges received by the Collegian are: *The Agnetian Monthly; The Delaware College Review; The Mountaineer; The Southern Collegian; Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian* and *The Western Maryland College Monthly.*

CALENDAR.

1908

September 16, Wednesday.....Opening of the college
September 16-19.....Entrance examinations
October 14, Wednesday. Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
November 26, Thursday.....Thanksgiving Recess begins
November 29, Sunday.....Thanksgiving Recess ends
December 22, Tuesday.....Delivery of the Senior Orations
December 23, Wednesday.....Christmas Recess begins

1909

January 5, Tuesday.....Christmas Recess end
January 13, Wednesday. Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
February 3, Wednesday.....Opening of the Spring Term
February 22, Monday.....Washington's Birthday, a holiday
Annual Banquet of the Mt. Vernon Literary Society
March 31, Wednesday.....Observance of Maryland Day
April 6, Tuesday.....Delivery of the Senior Orations
April 7, Wednesday.....Easter Recess begins
April 13, Tuesday.....Easter Recess ends
April 14, Wednesday.....Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
April 30, Friday. Annual Contest of the Intercollegiate Oritorical Association.
May 7, Friday.....Reception by the Adelphia Literary Society
June 2, Wednesday.....Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
June 11, Friday.....Anniversary of the Adelphia Literary Society
June 12, Saturday.....Anniversary of the Pieria Literary Society
June 13, Sunday.....Baccalaureate Sermon
Sermon to the Christian Associations
June 14, Monday.....Senior Normal Class Day
Anniversary of the Mt. Vernon Literary Society
June 15, Tuesday.....Declamation Contest
Alumni Meeting and Banquet
June 19, Wednesday.....Commencement

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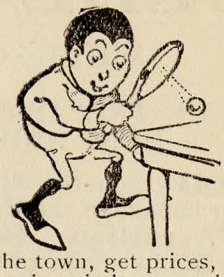

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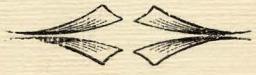

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LITERARY.

LINES TO THE CHESTER.

W. RAYMOND MOODY, '09.

How oft, when floating on thy placid stream
At evening, as the long day seeks its end,
And o'er thy bosom, still, a peaceful calm
Alights; save where a lingering zephyr kisses
Thy mirrored countenance into gentle smiles,
Or the low murmur from the distant town
Disturbs thy slumber; how oft have I gazed
With rapture on thy sloping shores from whence
The drowsy humming of the curling surf
Touched thee to life; and on the graceful line
Of green, unbent save where an inlet cleaves
The shore and wandering further winds a path,
Strewn o'er with lilies, far into the land
Which falls with gentle turn to kiss the waves
From fertile slopes where quiet-colored meadows
Roll their darker green and blend with fields
Late sown where, timid, peeps the sprouting grain;
Marking abrupt the field of yellow clay
Whose down-turned sod attests the toilers hand.
The tinkling flock broods o'er the cliff's steep edge
That rises sharply from the lower shore.
The drowsy sheep, slow cropping, hear in vain
The evening bell that summons all to rest
And stray where greener pastures meet the eye,
Adown the hill, where, at the rustic fence
That seems but loath to stop at water's edge,
They needs must halt and turning backward home
Retrace the beaten paths so often trod.
The cattle, lately browsing 'neath a wide-spread,
Sheltering oak, slow wind the homeward way,
Deep lowing. From the fields the toilers, weary,
Stroll, expectant of a well-earned rest;
The rich reward of industry well spent.

And from peaceful homesteads curls the smoke
In wreaths that fain would mingle with the blue,
O'er stately forest greenery that obscures
The landscape from our farther vision and
Surrounds as fitting background all the scene.
It is a quiet summer picture I,
Drifting, with sparkling oars look out upon
And marvel. Like a silver serpent winds
The curving sheet whose dimpled breast lies all
Unblemished, save where, now and then, a floating
Sail bobs o'er the waves; the wooden bridge
That spans the stream with erstwhile solemn mien;
And over all the great blue dome bends down
And spreads its silent benediction. Blue,
I say? But hold! for Phoebus calls her wandering
Troupe to rest and from the North and South
And East they come, a many colored band.
And in their sportive dance, embrace the cloudlets
Lingering in the vault and kiss with mirth
Their palid cheeks which blush with many tints
That fade and come again. The bolder colors
Venture far and 'round the mother-sun
In rich array, sit doing guard; the modest
Hues must linger yet awhile; the shyer
Still to falter in the distance dim
Where, colorless, the earth and heaven meet.
Then one by one, in order of their rank,
The nearest home depart for realms unknown;
The great pale host moves on across the blue.
The heavens, confused, are loath to see them gone;
And from the throne a softened hue rolls out,
The remnant of departing glory. Fast
Doth grow the shades, for in the West no lamp
Is longer lit. The feathered warbler pours
His evening hymn athwart the freshening breeze,
And Nature rests. The moaning tide sings low
Its endless song; the earth in stillness sits.

O Chester, how I love thy every bank!
What mortal brush could paint thy landscape? Scenes
That fill my heart with extacy embrace
Thy shores, and as the skylark sings his tune
Of praise to Nature so my free heart beats
To thine. The e'er capricious sky belongs

To thee and in thine utmost bosom lies
Content. The ever-changing seasons roll;
The summer fields, in gay attire, stretch forth
Their arms to meet thine own. The harvest comes
And merry plys the work; the chilling blast
Seers Nature in her house and barren fields
Bear melancholy witness to the King
Of storms. Thou seest it all; the passing show
Pursues its path, but thou, as if asleep,
Giv'st neither sign nor sound, save thy deep breath.
Thou rollest on nor men nor things arrest
Thy dream. O could I catch a glimpse of thy
Deep meaning! Could thy spirit be diffused
Among a restless race and calm, akin
To thine, brood o'er it. As the light wind touches
Thy heaving bosom with a sympathy
Unknown to men, so I delight in thee
Who hast a balm to soothe my every grief.
But I must leave thy scenes of youthful joy;
The silken path where the quick rabbit darts;
And wend my way among the tumult of
A busy world; yet may I find thee there
Still flowing and the sleeping Nine shall bear me
Hence for solace. May thy rippling laughter
Yet revive me with the song thou sangst
Of old and if by chance I should return
And seek thy pleasant dells, will thy great heart
Beat true, as now? And will the harsher music
Of humanity accord with that
The softened voice of Nature sings?

THE TRAITOR SERVANT.

LUCY GYWN BRANHAM, '11.

"Oh, is this the old Castle-Inn! Just think, grandfather, I haven't seen it for twelve years, and then Monsieur Ferdinand Ricardo lived there."

"Have you never heard anything of his strange disappearance?" exclaimed Corita Pedro, as they turned abruptly from a mountain path into an overgrown track leading up to an old Spanish castle.

"Yes, child, we are in great luck to have come safely through the woods, much more my fortune, for if these woodmen were to

get a hint of our gold it would be a sad day for you, my child, even though you have spent twice this much in the States the last twelve years," he answered, feeling for his heavy bags inside his coat.

"There is some one waiting for us now," she cried as she jumped from her horse, nearly knocking down a tall young Spaniard, who was holding a lantern. "So this is the good Don Jean?" she said to an elderly man who was standing behind the young Spanish driver.

"Yes, yes, but I'm not half so good as ye would have it. Come, the supper is waiting for you," he answered.

Corita could barely see the speaker, for the stableman had taken the lantern away with the horses, but something in his speech caused in her a feeling of repugnance, and he was eyeing her grandfather very curiously.

He led them up the dark, stone steps, and excused himself hastily, when he had seen them inside the house. They went on in silence; here and there a candle flickered as they trudged along the hall of the big old Inn and climbed the first flight of broad stairs to the room which her grandfather had already rented.

Pedro bolted the door, and taking off his gold-lined jacket, felt it anxiously, to find his fortune safe. A loud knock startled him, and folding carefully his precious garment, he walked over to the massive door and unbolted it.

The face of the butler peered in from the dark hall, inquiring, "Monsieur, will you have supper down stairs, or shall I bring it up? There are only two guests tonight, a minister and a showman. What will you do?"

"We are quite tired. We shall not leave the room," he replied.

In the mean time his granddaughter noted the uncurtained windows, deep and broad, the high, bare bedstead, the padded walls, and the dusty marble freize, but what most attracted her attention was a bust of Shakespeare set back in the wall, with deep hollow eyes over the large chestnut door at which her grandfather was standing. These deep, dark eyes showed that some space lay between the walls.

After her grandfather had again bolted the door, he went to the table where he began to write. At the other end of the table lay several volumes of Shakespeare. The young woman picked up the Merchant of Venice, and seating herself facing the bust, occasionally looked up to it trying to discover if possible what expression or lines could have prompted such a tale. She was just reading of Antonio's bargain with Shylock when, as she raised her eyes, she became suddenly frozen with terror, for in place of the

black-looking holes there glittered a cold, glassy pair of eyes.

She did not dare to speak, but picked up a pen and paper, wrote something, thrust it across the table to her grandfather and said in her calmest tones, "Will this do?"

He read it quickly and answered 'Yes.'

Corita arose quickly from her chair, saying in one breath, "The mail leaves at eight. I must hurry, for it is past that now."

She hurried out of the room, and at the landing, met the coachman bringing up their supper.

"Oh," she cried, "where is Don Jean, quick, quick?"

"I do not know, he left the men ten minutes ago, and I can——," he answered curiously.

"Do come help us for heaven's sake, there were eyes, real eyes, looking through that Shakespeare's head. We will pay you, only hurry," she cried, and she hurried down the stairs followed by the coachman.

In a few minutes he had explained excitedly to the guests what had happened. They arose immediately from the dining-table and hurried to follow at the direction of the stableman.

"There is a passage that lies behind that wall, so we had better place a guard at each end. I can do well at one door by myself; all of you go up to the room. You will find there a deep recess in the wall, very near the door. Be ready with your revolvers, but be quiet," he demanded.

He ran up the long flight of stairs as softly as possible, while the girl and two other guests followed.

The two men quietly stepped aside, and began to examine the pannelling, while Corita pushed open the door and called her grandfather. "Father, come here; the postman says that isn't enough to take your letter all the way to Richmond. Please come to see about it. I'd rather eat down stairs, any way."

Monsieur Pedro glanced regretfully at his cloak on the chair, and walked out of the room mumbling, "They'll get my gold"

"No, they will not," Corita whispered as she shut the large door. They walked down the hall to join the men guarding the recess.

Monsieur Pedro had for some time been waiting anxiously with his three watchful companions, when a heavy grating sound and two or three thuds were heard; then the door was opened and a fierce face peered out into the hall; then it was quickly shut and the bolts pushed back.

"My money," the poor old man sobbed, "they've got my money."

"Hush grandfather, we shall save it," said his granddaughter

touching him tenderly.

In the meanwhile the coachman had gone to the other end of the passage. The only part he had ever seen of the secret room and passage way between the walls, was in his master's cloak-room.

One holiday several days before, Don Jean had sent him to get the tiger rug that he had lost in a drunken wager. There he had found a small oak door in one of the old white walls. He had never had a chance to open it, but he had heard many tales of its significance. On this eventful night, however, he unlocked the room-door, and found the little pannel swinging open. He went over to it and peered into a narrow passage way; then he carefully drew himself in, revolver in hand. He descended a stairway, leading down as if to the kitchen, then climbed a steep upward flight. When he had reached the top of the steps, an odor of damp musk seemed to pervade the air, and he could hear startled rats scurrying across the passage. It was pitch dark, and at an abrupt curve in the passage he stood still, for he heard a gruff masculine voice, and peeping around the curve. he distinctly saw a man jump into the room below. The large ray of light was suddenly put out by a big object thrust into the hole through which it came. He groped his way cautiously toward the two tiny rays that still remained.

When he had come up to the light, he looked through the holes and beheld the landlord and two of his rough companions going through the pockets of the guests' coats. With a tremendous effort he shoved the hollow bust away from the wall, and the three robbers sat motionless with terror. "Hands up!" shouted the traitor servant, holding a pistol from out of each side of the Shakespeare's head. "I'll shoot the first one that attempts the windows, and kick the head over on the first one that goes for the door. There, every one of you into the closet."

Grumblingly they stumbled into the locker, and the footman quickly swung himself down into the room. Keeping watch upon the three men in the closet, the servant unbolted the large hall door and invited a detective, and his assistant, who happened to be at the inn, into the guest-chamber. They entered, followed by the girl and her frightened grandfather, the showman and the minister.

"One of you come out of that closet at a time," demanded the detective. Don Jean stepped out, and said in a threatening tone, "What do you mean by treating me this way in my own house—?"

Before he had time to finish this menacing statement, the showman and the detective's assistant had grabbed and tied Don Jean's hands behind him.

"In your what?" his servant demanded.

With a cowering look and avoiding the question the landlord burst into a fit of rage. "I'll have the law on ye, for coming upon me, at this peaceful hour of the night, in my own house."

"This is not your house, and you shall not keep it; the law is upon you now," the servant said meaningly.

The hands of the other two thieves were tied behind them as they came out.

"Where is my father? Yet, why do I ask you?" said the servant. "My father is long dead, you know too well. You shall suffer for that. You shall go to prison, you and these plotting wretches."

"Oh, do not be so mean! They will repent. What will this big castle do without a keeper? It is ours to forgive, not yours, Corita cried sympathetically.

"Do you know," he answered, turning toward her, "this man has robbed me of the only relation I had on earth, my father? He has robbed me of my home. He has tried to rob you, my playmate, my companion and sweetheart twelve years ago. This big castle, without a keeper, would be like my life without you. I am Ferdinand Ricardo, Junior.

HIS CHUM.

J. R. BADEN, '11.

(Continued from April Issue.)

"So this is Russ' girl," thought Anderson as the girl greeted Parks.

Parks introduced them and then went forward to speak to a dark, handsome young man, who was seated on the farther side of the room. Anderson was surprised to see Parks hide his animosity as he spoke. Was Parks deceitful?

"I'll call mother," said a sweet voice, and Madge Littleton passed into the next room. Soon she returned and presented her mother, a large, stately woman, who evidently once had been beautiful, but age had left its marks upon her face and streaked her hair with gray. She received Anderson graciously and greeted Parks cordially yet formally.

Conversation was carried on during the evening with varying degrees of animation, Anderson being very much at his ease while talking with this very sociable and attractive girl. As the boys were preparing to depart Russell said to Madge, "Madge, what do you think of Anderson?"

"I think he is very attractive and interesting,"

"I was immensely amused at him tonight coming down here. He said he did not know how to act in the presence of ladies as he had not made a call for the last three years."

"He seems to be able to take care of himself. But is it so, that he never makes calls?"

"I believe so. He never made a call while at Jefferson. You know he has to work. His parents were once wealthy, but his father failed in business, and everything, except a little of his mother's property, was lost. This much I have managed to get from him, but he will talk but little about it."

"Poor boy!" she murmured, and within her a feeling of pity arose for the youth who was at that moment lightly talking and laughing with her mother. That night as she was retiring her mind drifted back to Anderson. "Poor boy!" she murmured, "the change must have been awful." Then she sank into deep thought. Finally she whispered, "Yes, I will! I will make him tell me the whole story."

The two boys speeding homeward were jubilant.

Presently Parks spoke, "Say, Prof., what do you think of Madge?"

"Russ, she is—er—is, that is, I can't just tell you. But I know she is great, boy, great."

"You old rascal, I believe she has caught you already," laughed Russ.

"No such thing, but she is the only girl that has ever attracted me since I was about sixteen. She *is* attractive," he reflected.

Russell was in high spirits. "Well! Well! I never thought it of you, Prof. Would you like to call again?"

"I have no objection whatever. In fact, Miss Littleton has asked me to call again before I leave."

"The deuce, she has!"

"Yes, sir, and I guess I'll go, too."

"Tomorrow we go on a trip to the lake."

"That will be fine, Russ."

"Yes, and what is still finer, Madge will be there, too."

"She will?"

"Yes, and so will Grace Peterson and Bessie Lindsay. I want you to take Grace; Frank Littleton, Madge's brother, is going to take Bessie."

"All right. Will be glad to. Your sister is going, isn't she?"

"She and her man will go together, and Madge and her mother will go with me."

"Oh! quite a nice little party."

"Yes, and a half dozen more will join us there."

The next morning Russell went with Anderson to the Peterson home. Grace was ready.

"May I go as far as Madge's with you?" asked Parks.

"Certainly, if you will be real good," laughed Grace.

Just before reaching Madge's, Russell leaned over and said in a low tone to Grace, "Don't you know, Prof. has it bad on Madge. We were down there last night. Just watch him today."

Grace laughed, but said nothing.

When Russell left the car at the Littleton home she said, "Mr. Anderson, I would like to sit up front with you so I can talk."

"To be sure. Allow me," and he assisted her to a seat in the forward part of the car.

When they reached the lake they found a considerable number of young people strolling in the grove bordering upon it. Introductions followed. Grace and Anderson stood talking with the pleasure-seekers for a time, then they strolled down to the shore.

"Mr. Anderson, have you seen Madge yet?"

"Why, yes. Russell and I spent last evening there. Miss Littleton is exceedingly attractive."

"Now, Mr. Anderson, if you don't look out I will win our wager," she said roguishly.

"I guess not, Miss Peterson." Then they both laughed.

Presently they saw a large car arrive. "That is the Littleton car now," said Grace. "Let us go and speak to Madge."

As they were nearing the newcomers she turned to Anderson, her eyes dancing. "Mr. Anderson," she said, "will you do me a favor today?"

"Granted before you ask it," he returned readily.

"Well, I want you to stay with Madge as much as you can today. Will you? I just love to tease Russell."

"Oh, Miss Perterson that would not be right. What would everyone say? And perhaps Miss Littleton would object."

"Don't mind what others think, and as for Madge—well, you just ought to see what a chase she leads poor Russell."

By this time they had reached the Littleton car. Everyone was laughing and talking at once. Grace drew Madge aside. "Madge, Russell tells me that Mr. Anderson has fallen a victim to your charms. He would not say much, Russell says, but actions speak louder than words."

"What foolishness," returned Madge, coloring. "Why, I never met him before last evening."

"Let that be as it may, but, Madge, I want to have some fun. Will you help me?"

"Well, that depends. You know you are always up to some-

thing."

"I'll tell you. I wish to tease Russell, oh, *so* bad. The only way I can see how to do it is for you to pay attention to Mr. Anderson. You will do that, will you not ?"

"Grace, how can you be so absurd ! No, I will not do it. You ought to know that I never did run after a man."

"Oh, Madge ! Can't you see what I mean?"

"No, I cannot say that I do."

"Well, I mean just this. You talk with Mr. Anderson occas ionally, and when you and Russell are together, drop a remark about him once in a while. Then I'll begin to tease Russell. Oh, it will be such fun ! You will do it, wont you? Now, please, Madge."

Madge's eyes twinkled. "Yes," she said, "it will be fun, for Russell has been a little cross to me lately. Yes, we will worry him some today."

At that moment Russell came upon them. "Come on, girls, he said, "Prof. and I are going for a row and want you to go along with us. Mrs. Littleton says it is all right."

Soon they were upon the water. Russell had insisted upon handling the oars. He knew practically nothing about rowing, and succeeded in making but little progress. After splashing all the party he consented to let Anderson row. Up to his father's failure, Anderson had lived near the water and was accustomed to boating, so when he took the oars from Russell he felt perfectly at home.

When they turned back to the landing, Madge turned to Anderson. "Mr. Anderson, will you teach me to row ?"

"I will be only too glad to do so," he returned delightedly as he helped her to a place at his side.

Grace touched Russell's arm and whispered, "You had better look out."

He made no reply. He could not understand why Madge should pay such attention to Anderson. She was ordinarily so indifferent toward all other men. He lost himself in thought. Grace was laughing silently.

Madge was deeply absorbed in learning to row and Anderson's rich voice sounded low and earnest as he explained how to make the stroke. While this was going on their hands were very close together and occasionally the wind blew wisps of the chestnut brown hair into his face. The two were so engrossed in their task that they did not notice how the time was flying.

Grace was pressing her advantage. She teased and teased until Russell became restless.

"Don't you all know that it is getting late? The folks will

soon have lunch ready," he finally said.

"Oh, is it!" exclaimed Madge, flushing.

She took her former seat and Anderson rowed them quickly to the landing.

"Isn't he grand!" whispered Madge to Russell. "He explains everything so nicely. I like him."

"You do," was all the reply Russell made.

"Yes, and I've asked him to give me another lesson this afternoon. It's so much fun."

"So it appears. You seem to find him especially interesting in every particular," he surily remarked.

"Oh, Russell, you are so disagreeable! He is nice, and I don't care who knows it."

He made no reply.

Just before they sat down to luncheon the two girls went in search of Mrs. Littleton.

"Grace," said Madge, "Russell is very disagreeable to me."

"Well, can you hardly wonder at that?" laughed her friend. "Always before this he has been first and now you permit a man, whom you have never seen before yesterday, to step in and take his place."

"Oh, Grace!"

"I've been having so much fun. Russell is furious with you and—"

"Yes, I know he is, but he need not think I am never going to look at any one else besides himself.

They found Mrs. Littleton. "Mother, said Madge, "Mr. Anderson gave me a lesson in rowing this morning. It was fine, and I asked him to give me another this afternoon if you would allow me to go. May I go? He is very careful and—and—nice. I know he will take good care of me," she finished hurriedly.

"Madge, I am afraid you cannot go," returned her mother. "The very idea! And you asked him?"

"Yes, mother, I asked him to take me. We will be close to the shore, and I know he—"

"Mrs. Littleton, do let her go. It is so seldom she ever tries anything like that. I know she will enjoy it," chimed in Grace.

"But, Madge, said her mother severely. "What will Russell think?"

"He can think whatever he wishes to think," she returned, with a toss of her head. He has been really disagreeable to me today. Mother, I am going to tell Mr. Anderson that I can go."

Mrs. Littleton had been favorably impressed by the young man the night before, so she made no reply.

After lunch they all went into the lake for a swim. Madge and Russell were swimming side by side.

"Madge, are you and Anderson going rowing this afternoon?"

"Oh, yes! And Russell, you and Grace get a boat and we will have a race."

"No, thanks. Grace and I will go for a stroll while you and he are enjoying yourselves on the water," he returned coldly.

"Just as you like. I only thought that all four could have such a jolly time together."

After the bath, Madge said to Anderson, "Whenever you are ready, I will take my second lesson."

"We can go right now, provided Miss Peterson will excuse me," he said, turning to Grace.

"Why, certainly. Now, take good care of Madge. If you do not, Russell might call you to account."

"All right. I'll take the very best of care," he returned.

"If you are not back at six, Russell and I are coming to look for you," called Grace to them as the boat glided away from the landing.

"All right, Grace. We will be back unless I capsize the boat and both of us get drowned," replied her chum, laughing.

Anderson pushed off, and after rowing along the shore for some distance, said, "Now, Miss Littleton, "if you will take a seat here, we will try to master these oars."

He helped her to a seat at his side.

"That's fine! If you keep that up you will not need any one to teach you," he said presently as she became accustomed to the stroke.

"Thank you. Will you let me try both oars?"

Certainly, only I believe you will do better with one first."

"Then I'll use only one. You should know," she returned laughing. "You are the teacher."

They rowed on in silence for some time.

"Miss Littleton, how stupid of me to let you row all this time? I am sure your hands must be blistered," he suddenly exelaimed. "Do let me see?"

She held her small, shapely hands toward him.

"I said so. There are two on your right hand."

"Oh! that does not matter. They only smart a little."

"Let me bathe them. That will do them good."

She allowed him to bathe them with the clear, cold water. After that he dried them with his handkerchief. Madge watched him with cheeks crimson.

"What is that embroidered in the corner of your handker-

chief?" she finally asked.

"The coat of arms of our family," he returned, the blood mounting to his cheek.

She turned to gaze at the sun, just dipping below the hills. Anderson gazed upon her. Yes, she was adorable. How long they sat thus—one gazing absently into space, the other upon a newly-discovered love—they knew not. Madge suddenly turned and their eyes met. The color flowed into the cheeks of both, and her eyes dropped before the eager, searching gaze of the young man beside her.

"I guess it is time we are returning," she finally remarked.

He drew out his watch. It was nearly six o'clock.

Once or twice on the return trip he tried to speak, but each time utterly failed. He rowed steadily and silently. Both were thinking. Now and then he glanced at the girl seated in the stern. Yes, Grace had won the wager. He was trying to cut Russell out for Madge herself. Then he thought of himself. He, who could hardly support himself and mother, thinking that the most wealthy girl in that section of the State could ever care for him. The blood mounted to his face at the thought. How absurd! How idiotic he was!

"Mr. Anderson," said a sweet voice, "if you don't turn in we will miss the landing."

He awoke from his revery with a start and brought the boat alongside the little landing.

"We thought you two had run off," cried Grace." "You bad, bad little girl." Then in a lower tone she continued, "Mrs. Littleton is quite angry. You stayed so long."

A few minutes later the party broke up. Just before leaving Madge turned to Anderson and said, "I have had such a delightful time. I am going to keep on trying until I learn to row real well. Can't you come down again? I'll ask Russell to bring you:"

"Thank you. I shall be very glad to come."

As they sped homeward Grace said to Anderson, "Russell is perfectly furious with you and Madge."

"What? Furious? What have we done?"

"What have you done?" she replied, laughing. "Why you have walked right in and taken his girl, and she appears very well pleased with the change."

"Oh, Miss Peterson! I did not do that. We simply went rowing."

"Yes, and spent the whole afternoon. I think you treated me real mean. Hardly spoke to me the whole day."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Peterson, but you—"

"Yes, I know it's all right. I was only teasing, but," she

added after a few minutes reflection, "Russell is not teasing. I really believe he is angry."

"I certainly am sorry, but I—I couldn't—"

"Say it! You could not resist; is that it ?" laughed Grace.

Anderson flushed and busied himself with the management of the car.

When he returned, he found Russell waiting at the Littleton home. He got in without a word and the two rode homeward in silence.

"Russ," said Anderson suddenly, "Russ, old boy, what's the matter ?"

"Nothing."

"I know better than that. You don't like the way I monopolized Miss Littleton today. Isn't that what's wrong ?"

"Yes," said Parks, "but I don't blame you at all. Madge has led me to believe all along that I am the only one, and you come in and off she goes with you. Naturally I don't relish it much."

"Old man, how could I refuse to show her how to row ?"

"You would have been an idiot if you had refused. I harbor no hard feellngs toward you. I would have done the same thing had I been in your place."

(To be concluded in June Issue.)

SOCIAL NOTES.

EDITED BY LUCY GWYN BRANHAM, '11.

Misses Jefferson and Townsend, and Messrs. Noland and Moody delivered the Senior orations in the auditorium April 6.

Miss Miriam Hayman, of Westover, Md., a former student of the college visited Normal Hall and attended the hop May first.

Mr. Curtis Long, '07, and Mr. Stanford White, ex-'09, attended the hop May first.

Miss Mary Ahern, ex-'10, visited the college shortly after the Easter holidays.

The sixth annual concert of the Glee and Mandolin Club was given Thursday, April 22nd, in the auditorium of William Smith Hall. Miss Chappel directed the concert, which was quite a success. The following program was carried out:

FIRST PART.

1. Washington Forever..... Moffett

Glee Club.

2. Serena Alla Luna..... Fardith

Mandolin Club.

3. Levee Song .....

Mr. A. H. Porter and Glee Club.

4. Dans Une Gondole.. ..... Monte

Mandolin Club.

5. The Bull Dog.. .....

Glee Club.

6. Vita Florentia.. ..... Bellenghi

Mandolin Club.

7. Lullaby..... ..... Gibson

Glee Club.

8. Plus d'Amour, Plus de Roses..... ..... De Suede

Mandolin Club.

SECOND PART.

9. The College Clock. .... Custance

Mr. Cain and Glee Club.

10. Pres Du Jardin..... ..... Mory

Mandolin Club.

11. Solomon Levi..... .....

Glee Club.

12. Sogando .... Rossi

Mandolin Club.

13. The Clang of the Forge..... ..... Veazie

Mr. Turner and Glee Club.

14. Le Passage Du Regiment..... ..... Talmo

Mandolin Club.

15 (a). Good Night..... ..... Abt

(b). Our College Cheer .....

Glee Club.

The last college hop was given in the gynasium on the evening of May first. The gymnasium was decorated with flags, pennants and bunting. The music consisted of three pieces, the violin, harp and flute. The dance was very much enjoyed by all and was an even greater success than the two preceding hops.

The last of the series of lectures was delivered Friday, April 2nd, by Gustav Gruener ,Ph. D., professor of German, Yale University. His subject: "Social Life in Germany at the Time of the Reformation," was of great instruction and very interesting.

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IN AN EDITORIAL WAY.

The Senior examinations are now over and the class will have the usual three weeks before commencement week in which to prepare for it. Although there may be many things that the members of the class of nineteeen hundred and nine would like to recall or have the opportunity to do over again; though they may on looking back over their college life see many mistakes they have made, let us hope that all have derived the greatest amount of good possible from their college course. The examinations for all the lower classes will begin in a short time and the Collegian wishes to extend its best wishes for success to all lower classmen who will be compelled to stay indoors and "dig" away at exams. when the fine spring weather, combined with the plenteous shade on our beautiful terraces invites everyone to enjoy the blessings of nature to the fullest extent.

The Pegasus has now gone to press and we are all looking forward to its appearance with great hopes. We feel sure, too, that we are not doomed to disappointment for it will no doubt do credit to its editorial staff as well as the class. The class of nineteen hundred and ten has lead us to believe that the Pegasus will be a great success, so great in fact that all succeding classes will follow their example. The time is now near at hand when their statements must be made good, and we sincerely trust that they will. We understand the class of nineteen hundred and eleven has elected its editorial staff for their year book. We wish to extend to them all our good wishes for an even more successful work than their predecessors.

The sixth annual concert of the Glee and Mandolin Club, the program of which will be seen in another column of this paper, was indeed entertaining and was also a success financially. Great credit is due Miss Chappel, who directed the concert, as well as to those students who sacrificed so much of their time for the good of their college. Since the Glee and Mandolin Club was first organized by our president, it has been gradually gaining strength every year. More and more interest is being manifested in it and this year the concert was of a high class.

Just at this time of the year much interest is manifested in the various offices of the Athletic Association and other student organizations. Let every one lay aside all prejudices of whatever nature they may be and see that the best and most able man gets the office. When we speak of prejudices we mean society feeling for the most part. We are glad to say that during the past year very little of this feeling has manifested itself, and we hope that it will not be during the remainder of the year. Washington should be foremost in the hearts of all students. If every one will think of this when the officers are elected for the succeeding year, all will work out smoothly, but if society interests are placed ahead of the welfare of the college there is sure to be ill-feeling on the part of some, and as long as this is the case athletics cannot be good. Let us all think of this and place the welfare of old Washington ahead of every other consideration.

RELIGIOUS.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

EDITED BY LYDIA N. JONES, '09.

A very interesting letter was received this month from Miss Batty, who is our only Y. W. C. A. worker in South America. She says, "We have just moved into our own new building at Buenos Ayres, which is very well adapted to our association work. There are eighteen rooms, eleven of which are rented to boarders, and the others are used for general work. This makes it possible for us to take in as many as fifty girls in a single month—so many come to the association to stay the interval between positions. So far as I know, there is no other place in the city where girls can board, so they come to look upon this place as their home. Whatever may be accomplished through the other departments of the association, the boarding-house alone justifies our existence as an association. Let me tell you about my Christmas here, for it is so different from our Christmas in the States, and it is impossible to enjoy it in the same way. Can you imagine intense heat and mosquitoes at Christmas time? The decorations of red and green, mince pies, and plum pudding, seem somewhat out of place. There are many feast days in this country. If I remember correctly, there are twenty-two in the calendar. To us, to whom Christmas means so much, this observance of the day seems a sacrilege.

"The fact that all of the work must be done in two languages greatly increases our difficulties, and some times we find two languages not sufficient, and are obliged to call in an interpreter. In our Gospel Meetings we follow the plan of having them principally in English, but the first Sunday of the month always in Spanish.

"Some times as I go into the few churches that we have, and see how empty they are, and then go out into the streets and watch the faces of the crowd, there comes to my mind those words of our Lord—'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not.'"

ATHLETICS.

EDITED BY JAMES W. JOHNS, '09.

Washington, 19; Delaware, 3.

Washington faced Delaware on Saturday, April 3, '09, for the first time for several years, and the result was rather disastrous to the visitors. Washington started scoring in the first inning and from then on it was a question of how many runs we could score. The fielding on both sides was loose, but the batting redeemed this, Washington scoring a total of eleven hits, while the visitors only found Morton for six safeties.

Washington College.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Morton, p	4	2	2	0	4	0
Pruitt, 3b	3	3	1	1	3	2
Noonan, s. s	5	2	2	1	1	2
Cross, c	6	2	1	6	0	0
Turner, l. f	4	2	1	2	0	0
Knotts, 1b	5	0	1	11	0	0
Jump, c. f	5	3	2	4	0	1
Kelly, 2b	3	2	0	2	2	0
Johns, r. f	3	3	1	0	0	0
	38	19	11	27	10	5

Delaware.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Marshall, c	5	0	2	6	1	1
Edgar, 1b	4	0	0	12	0	1
Haley, 3b	4	2	1	1	3	1
Greenwood, s.s.	3	1	1	2	0	0
Edwards, l. f	4	0	1	0	0	0
Dunn, 2b	4	0	0	1	3	4
Ward, c. f	4	0	1	1	0	0
Shipley, r. f	4	0	0	0	0	0
Eliason, p	2	0	0	1	5	2
Cann, p	2	0	0	0	1	0
	36	3	6	24	13	9

SCORE BY INNINGS:

Delaware	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	— 3
Washington	1	0	2	3	5	0	0	8	x	—19

Umpire—Vickers.

Washington, 3; Georgetown, 5.

The Easter series opened on Friday, April 6, with Georgetown. This is the first time Washington has ever played the University and the showing was an excellent one, our team playing one of the finest games of the season. For Washington, the batting and base running of Turner and Noonan were excellent, while Mayoch and Sitterding starred for Georgetown. The game was called at the end of the sixth inning on account of rain.

W. C.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Morton, r. f	3	0	0	0	0	0
Pruitt, 3 b	2	1	0	2	3	0
Noonan, s s	3	0	2	1	0	0
Cross, c	2	0	0	1	3	0
Turner, l f	2	1	2	0	0	1
Knotts, 1 b	2	1	1	13	0	0
Jump, c f	3	0	0	1	0	0
Kelley, 2 b	3	0	0	0	2	2
Johns, p	2	0	0	0	2	0
	22	3	5	18	10	3

Georgetown.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Murphy, c f	4	0	0	0	0	0
Schlafey, r f	3	1	1	0	0	0
Dugan, l f	3	1	2	1	0	0
Mayoch, 2 b	2	1	1	0	3	0
MacDonald, 1 b	3	0	1	9	0	0
Sitterding, 3 b	2	1	1	0	2	0
Feenan, c	3	0	0	6	2	2
Callahan, s s	3	1	2	1	0	0
O'Conner, p	3	0	0	1	1	0
	26	5	8	18	8	2

SCORE BY INNINGS:

Georgetown ..... 1 2 1 0 1 0—5
Washington ..... 1 0 0 2 0 0—3
Umpire—Colliflower.

Washington, 3; Gallaudet, 4.

Wednesday, April 7, Washington played Gallaudet on the latter's grounds, and with all due respect for our opponents' team, the game played by Washington was far inferior to that of the preceding day. Starting off in the first inning on a combination of hits and errors, Gallaudet scored three runs, a lead which Washington was unable to overcome, being held down by Dillon to three hits, nine men fanning the air.

W. C.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Morton, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Pruitt, 3b	4	1	1	2	1	0
Noonan s. s.	4	0	0	2	6	2
Cross, c.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Turner, l. f.	3	1	1	2	0	0
Knotts, 1b.	1	1	1	12	0	1
Jump, c. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Kelly, 2b.	3	0	0	1	5	2
Baden, p.	4	0	0	1	0	0
	30	3	3	24	12	5

Gallaudet, 4.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Morris, c.	5	1	1	10	0	0
Arras, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Harver, 3b.	4	2	2	0	4	2
Bell, s. s.	4	1	3	0	0	1
O'Donnell, 2b.	3	0	1	1	4	0
Battiste, 1b.	4	0	1	16	0	1
Dillon, p.	4	0	0	0	4	0
Preston, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Blanchard, l. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
	35	4	8	27	12	4

SCORE BY INNINGS:

Washington ..... 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1—3
Gallaudet ..... 3 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 x—4

Washington, 3; Manhattan, 0.

Monday, April 12, Washington faced Manhattan College, of New York. This was a fine athletic contest between the institutions, and from the keen rivalry arising from this game, it looks as though athletic relations beween W. C. and Manhattan will be continued.

This was the snappiest game played this season, being anybody's game until the last man was out in the ninth inning.

Morton pitched a fine game for W. C., allowing but four hits, and his support was almost faultless, neither of the two errors being costly. For Manhattan, Hanley pitched winning ball, striking out eleven men and allowing but four hits, one of those being a home run by Noonan.

W. C.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Turner, l. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Pruitt, 3b	3	0	1	1	6	0
Noonan, s. s.	4	1	2	3	4	0
Cross, c.	2	0	0	8	2	0
Knotts, 1b.	3	0	0	10	0	0
Jump, c. f.	3	0	0	1	0	1
Porter, 2b.	1	0	0	1	1	0
Morton, P.	3	0	0	1	0	1
Kelly, r. f.	2	1	0	1	1	0
	25	3	4	27	9	3

Manhattan.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ryan, s. s.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Conn, c.	3	0	0	14	0	0
Holly, 1b.	4	0	0	7	2	2
Dunn, 2b.	3	0	1	1	1	0
Grady, l. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
McAvary, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Archer, c. f.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Sweney, 3b.	3	0	0	1	3	0
Hanley, p.	3	0	1	0	3	1
	29	0	4	24	9	3

SCORE BY INNINGS:

Washington ..... 0 0 2 0 0 1 0 0 x—3
Manhattan. ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Umpire—Vickers.

Washington, 13; Gettysburg, 5.

Our next opponent was Gettysburg on April 13. The visitors came down determined to get revenge for last year's defeat, but their pleasure was withheld for some future time, Washington scoring at will in nearly every inning, making a total of nine hits to the visitors three and with anything like clean fielding Washington could have kept the visitors down to a much smaller score.

W. C.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Turner, l.f.	5	1	0	1	0	0
Pruitt, 3b.	5	0	2	4	3	0
Noonan, s. s.	3	1	0	2	4	0
Cross, c.	2	1	0	7	4	0
Knotts, 1b.	2	5	2	10	0	0
Jump, c. f.	4	2	3	1	0	1
Porter, 2b.	1	1	1	1	1	3
Morton, p.	3	2	0	0	2	2
Kelly, r. f.	3	0	1	1	0	0
	28	13	9	27	14	6

Getteysburg.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Rockey, 2b.	5	1	0	0	6	0
Hosach, l. f.	3	1	1	0	0	0
Brietenrider, 1b.	3	0	0	10	0	1
Clark, c. f.	3	0	1	1	0	0
R. Stugart, r. f.	4	1	0	1	0	0
McCarroll, s s.	4	1	1	1	1	0
S. Stugart, 3b.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Deneen, c.	4	0	0	9	0	0
Ehrhart, p.	2	1	0	0	5	1
	32	5	3	24	12	2

SCORE BY INNINGS:

W. C ..... 0 1 0 3 2 1 3 3 —13 x
Gettysburg..... 1 2 0 0 0 0 0 2 0— 5
Umpire—Vickers.

Washington, 8; Johns Hopkins, 1.

Our next game was with Johns Hopkins University, and as the score indicates, was a rather one-sided contest. Washington secured a comfortable lead in the first four innings, which the vistors were unable to overcome, being able to score but one run, and this on an overthrow to first base.

W. C.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Turner, l. f.	5	1	3	2	0	0
Pruitt, 3b	4	2	2	1	2	2
Noonan, s. s.	3	1	1	1	3	0
Cross, c.	4	0	1	7	0	0
Knotts, 1b.	0	1	0	14	0	0
Jump, c. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Morton, r. f., p.	2	1	0	0	2	1
Kelly, 2b.	3	2	1	0	1	0
Johns, p	1	0	0	0	3	0
Coulbourne, r. f.	2	0	0	0	0	0
	28	8	8	27	11	3

Johns Hopkins.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCalister, 2b.	3	0	0	6	1	2
Costello, 3b.	3	0	0	5	0	0
Whiteraft, c	4	0	1	2	3	0
Ware, 1b.	3	0	2	6	1	0
Taylor, p.	3	0	0	1	3	0
Smith, s. s.	3	1	1	2	2	0
Cooper, l. f.	4	0	0	2	0	1
Treadway, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Stewart, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
	30	1	4	24	10	3

SCORE BY INNINGS:

Washington..... 1 2 0 1 0 0 4 0 x—8
Johns Hopkins..... 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1
Umpire—Vickers.

EXCHANGES.

EDITED BY E. R. BREEDING, '09.

"The critic of college magazines has a difficulty often confronting him, in that he does not know the exact purpose of certain publications. If the school has a weekly paper—as many of us have—the monthly magazine should be given entirely to literary work, since all business and social matters have usually become old before the issuing of the monthly magazine. On the other hand, such matters are of sufficient importance to deserve publication, and if there is no weekly means of doing this a part of the monthly should be devoted to it."—*Ex.*

The Fordham Monthly is unquestionably the best monthly magazine we have had the pleasure of receiving during the past month. Its articles are all well written and show that the editors spent much time with their work. The issue contains may historical notes of interest on Joan of Ark."

A very interesting and well written story—"Winning A Heart On The Margin"—is found in *The Mountaineer* for March. The essay on "George H. Miles" pays a very high tribute to this Maryland poet and dramatist, and is well worthy of the prize given for it.

A very good article appears in the April number of the *Western Maryland College Monthly* entitled "The Cheat In Our Capitalization." The writer of this article treats the subject in a masterly manner, and all the points he brings out are certainly true to the present condition of afiairs in our country.

The *Collegian* wishes to thank the editors of this monthly for their remarks, to the effect that the charges made against us by one of our Maryland Colleges are untrue and that it is only a case of being "scared" on the part of old rivals.

We are glad to notice a decided improvement in the *Delaware College Review*. More time is being put upon the literary work.

We heartily welcome in our midst the *Mercury*, and hope that our "exchange" relations will be as pleasant as our other relations have been.

The *Collegian* wishes to acknowedge the receipt of the following exchanges:—*Fordham Monthly The Southern Collegian; The Mercury; Deleware College Review; The Western Maryland College Monthly; Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian; The Agnetian Monthly; The Mountaineer; The Talisman; Washington University Record; The Ursinus Weekly.*

CALENDAR.

1908

September 16, Wednesday.....Opening of the college
September 16-19.....Entrance examinations
October 14, Wednesday. Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
November 26, Thursday.....Thanksgiving Recess begins
November 29, Sunday.....Thanksgiving Recess ends
December 22, Tuesday.....Delivery of the Senior Orations
December 23, Wednesday.....Christmas Recess begins

1909

January 5, Tuesday.....Christmas Recess end
January 13, Wednesday Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
February 3, Wednesday.....Opening of the Spring Term
February 22, Monday.....Washington's Birthday, a holiday
Annual Banquet of the Mt. Vernon Literary Society
March 31, Wednesday.....Observance of Maryland Day
April 6, Tuesday.....Delivery of the Senior Orations
April 7, Wednesday.....Easter Recess begins
April 13, Tuesday.....Easter Recess ends
April 14, Wednesday.....Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
April 30, Friday..Annual Contest of the Intercollegiate Oritorical Association.
May 7, Friday.....Reception by the Adelphia Literary Society
June 2, Wednesday.....Quarterly meeting of the Visitors and Governors
June 11, Friday.....Anniversary of the Adelphia Literary Society
June 12, Saturday.....Anniversary of the Pieria Literary Society
June 13, Sunday.....Baccalaureate Sermon
Sermon to the Christian Associations
June 14, Monday.....Senior Normal Class Day
Anniversary of the Mt. Vernon Literary Society
June 15, Tuesday.....Declamation Contest
Alumni Meeting and Banquet
June 19, Wednesday.....Commencement

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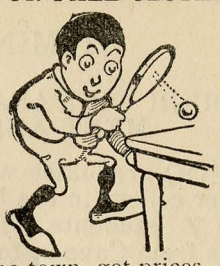

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